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THE SENATORIAL DEBS—MORE INTERFERENCE BY THE PRESIDENT.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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THE COMING MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

A LARGE majority of the citizens of New York city are opposed to Tammany Hall. Nobody doubts this. The problem is to rally this majority to the support of one anti-Tammany ticket. The defeat of Tammany in the next municipal election will then be certain. But to make a victory over Tammany fruitful of good results it is necessary that the anti-Tammany ticket be composed of men who can be depended upon to repudiate all Tammany methods, and to conduct the city government upon sound business principles. This sounds like a truism which it should be superfluous to repeat. But it is not superfluous. On the contrary, it cannot be repeated too often and too strenuously, for we are confronted by the danger that in seeking to unite all the anti-Tammany elements for common action combinations may be formed the success of which would only deliver the city offices into the hands of new sets of selfish politicians or servile party tools, and thus defeat the objects of good government, and weaken the progress of reform by the demoralizing influence of another failure.

The anti-Tammany forces consist of several elements which are by no means homogeneous. First, the City Club, the Good Government clubs, and the German Reform Union, which have been organized for the distinct purpose of giving to the city an economical and honest business administration, without any regard to the national parties; secondly, the State Democracy, a Democratic organization opposed to Tammany and to the old Democratic party machine, but having also objects of State and national politics in view; thirdly, the Republicans, divided into two factions, both of which profess to be opposed to Tammany, but both also engaged in State and national politics. Of these three classes of anti-Tammany men only the members of the first can be counted upon to devote their efforts with singleness of purpose to the cause of good municipal government, ready to support candidates who can be implicitly trusted in this respect, no matter whether they are Democrats or Republicans. Nor is this class inconsiderable in numerical strength. It may be taken for certain that without its support no anti-Tammany ticket can be elected. It might even receive individual support enough from public-spirited citizens who in national politics associate with the Democratic or Republican parties to secure the election of municipal candidates of its own, were not at the coming election candidates for Congress and for State offices to be voted for, and did not this circumstance place an entirely independent municipal ticket under peculiar disadvantages.

The State Democracy at a recent county convention declared, substantially, that it would not, in any event, support Tammany candidates for municipal offices, that it would prefer an anti-Tammany Democratic municipal ticket, but that it would, if necessary, combine with other anti-Tammany forces for the overthrow of the present misrule. The Republican organization, led by the Committee of Thirty, embodying the "better element" of the party, but also not a few unregenerate spoils politicians, has likewise manifested a desire to have a municipal ticket composed of Republicans, but at the same time a willingness to coalesce with other organizations upon terms recognizing the fact that the Republicans would have to furnish the bulk of the votes. And finally Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, the boss of the so-called MILHOLLAND Republican faction, declares in an elaborate interview that he, too, is willing to join his forces with others against Tammany, provided, however, that the first place on the ticket, the nomination for the Mayoralty, be given to a "straight" Republican, "a Republican who thoroughly represents his party."

It appears, therefore, that those who are willing to make any kind of combination against Tammany, without regard to ulterior consequences, will have plain sailing. The different organizations have only to let their managers meet in conference to discuss their respective "claims," and to distribute the different offices with their patronage among themselves, each organization selecting its own candidates for the places falling to its share, so as to satisfy all of the contracting parties and to inspire them with the necessary enthusiasm for the fight. This is a very simple process, and can easily be accomplished by adroit negotiation. But—if indeed in this way votes enough can be mustered to beat the Wigwam—this will also be the surest way to make the defeat of Tammany barren of good results, and to bring about only the substitution of one set of spoilsmen for another, except, perhaps, as to the places that may be conceded to the Good Government Clubs and the German Reform Union.

This is the kind of arrangement which Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT is perfectly willing to go into. In fact, it is a fortunate circumstance that this "Greek bearing a gift" has stepped so openly upon the scene, for his appearance will at once make good citizens aware that there are pitfalls to be carefully avoided. Mr. PLATT, knowing that he commands only a small minority of the voters of New York, offers his forces to any set of anti-Tammany candidates, provided a "straight" Republican be nominated for Mayor. Who is to select that straight Republican? Of course Mr. PLATT'S faction of the Republican party—that is, Mr. PLATT himself. What sort of straight Republicans he likes he has recently shown again by procuring for a dynamite Irishman a Police Commissionership. At any rate, it will be a straight Republican who can be counted upon to take care of Mr. PLATT'S machine. If he gets the Mayoralty, he will care little for the rest of the ticket, and nothing at all for good government. It comes, therefore, to this: Mr. PLATT invites the anti-Tammany men of New York to elect "his man" Mayor. He will then generously help in electing other politicians' men to other places.

We do not mean to say that the Republican Committee of Thirty or the State Democracy, going into such a combination, would select for the places allotted to them as objectionable candidates as Mr. PLATT. But it is certain that the distribution of nominations made in any manner like the one described above will be largely in the nature of a trade; that in such a trade the consideration of patronage and of party and personal interest will play a great part; and that, in the same measure, the cause of good government will suffer.

How is this to be avoided? We must look to the City Club, the Good Government Clubs, and the German Reform Union to avert the danger. If they find upon consultation with men among the Democrats and Republicans who sincerely sympathize with them that it would be wise to nominate a distinct "Good Government" municipal ticket, they should do so, resolutely and promptly, before any other ticket is in the field. If not, they should at least, as soon as possible, designate several persons, Republicans and Democrats, as fit men for each of the offices to be filled, for the anti-Tammany combination to choose from, and then declare, with all possible emphasis, that such are the men they are willing to vote for, and no others. The other classes of anti-Tammany men may, and probably will, cry out about unwarranted dictation, and accuse them of arrogance. This the Good Government men should not mind, but firmly stick to their resolution not to support any ticket that is not composed of thoroughly sound men. Their position is a strong one. They hold the casting vote. No anti-Tammany ticket can be elected without them. They possess that power, for they have votes enough. They are entitled to the power substantially to designate the candidates, for they are the only organization working with a single eye to good municipal government. They should boldly use that power in the manner indicated, for it would be much better to let Tammany remain in possession of the municipal offices for one more season, than to substitute for it, in the name of reform, another régime of partisan spoils politics, thus discrediting reform movements for an indefinite time to come.

At any rate, many good citizens think so. And we firmly believe that only a ticket which has no suspicious and discouraging spoils flavor about it, but which inspires this long-suffering community with the confident hope that its success will surely bring on a better state of things, can and will prevail against Tammany, no matter whether the man at the head of it calls himself a Democrat or a Republican.

LEGISLATORS AND ORGANIZED LABOR.

THERE is a general consensus of opinion among wage-earners that politicians and law-making bodies are the subservient tools of the generic individual they call "the capitalist." It would be interesting to examine in detail the soundness of this opinion carefully and thoroughly, but the general result of such an investigation is all that can be stated here. About all the existing legislation that can be said to be peculiarly and unjustly favorable to capital is the high protective tariff. There are, doubtless, laws on the various statute-books of the States which give to corporations what seem to be undue powers, but they do not constitute a body of oppressive legislation, and are generally oftener attributable to corrupt legislators than to the corporations themselves, at least so far as their origination is concerned. The saddest truth concerning the relations of corporations to law-making bodies is that in many States, and notably in New York, the accumulated capital of large stock companies is so constantly the object of blackmailing strikes that the officers and directors of such associations have felt justified in maintaining a lobby for the protection of their interests.

The fact is that organized labor has a much greater influence with the politicians than any other combination of voters. It is the "labor vote" of which our modern demagogues stand most in fear. It is a fact, for example, well known to all who were engaged in securing the passage of the international copyright law, that the typographical union's mere ipse dixit absolutely commanded more votes than any other interest in favor of the measure. Organized labor has secured legislation in nearly every State in the Union, and has even introduced a new principle in law-making, to the effect that the State ought to interfere between the parties to a contract, not for enforcing its provisions, not for holding the parties to a specific performance of obligations, but for the changing or modification of its terms in favor of one of the parties. Organized labor lays down the proposition that wage-earners, who take no risks in a business, whose property is not involved, whose earnings are not necessarily affected by the vicissitudes of the particular establishment in which they are employed, shall nevertheless be considered as partners in the prosperity of the business, and there are laws in statute-books partly assenting to this proposition.

The great railroad strike is over, but evil results from it are yet to be dreaded. It is to be noted at the outset that, until Mr. CLEVELAND acted, the sympathies of the office-holding people, so far as they expressed themselves, were with the strikers. The Governors of Illinois, Kansas, and Colorado, the Mayors of Chicago and Detroit, all lent their countenance, and some their aid, to the Pullman strikers. Even Senator SHERMAN seized the inopportune moment to assail the Pullman Company. It was only after the popular response to the President's order to the troops and his telegrams to ALTGELD that Congress found its voice sufficiently to denounce violence, and to commend the President for enforcing the laws of the United States. In the mean time the attitude of most of the law-makers at Washington was pitiable. In their fear of losing votes they begged the newspaper reporters not to interview them on the subject. They wanted to avoid any expression of opinion that might inflame against them, not peaceful organized labor, not strikers who had merely quit their employment, not even strikers who were engaged in inducing other laborers not to take their places, but violators of the law defiant of all authority, enemies of the public peace and of the government. All this does not look as if law-makers were the eager tools of capital, but rather as if they were more likely to be the fearful slaves of organized labor.

Out of this condition of things harm is likely to come. The strike has already stimulated the desire of politicians to frame laws that will be pleasing to labor. Mr. SPRINGER has prepared a scheme for the establishment of a permanent board of arbitrators, and the President has been obliged, under an existing law which bears the name of one of the most notorious demagogues who ever sat in Congress, to appoint a commission to examine into and report on the Pullman strike. Crude laws that will be inoperative except for mischief may be the outcome of this strike that will do more harm to the country and to the working-men themselves than the sudden and short-lived violence that accompanied the strike itself.

Arbitration and other laws are already on the statute-books of the States that accomplish no good purpose, and that are part of those eternal discredits to legislation, the laws that cannot be enforced. Conspiracy laws have been passed for the benefit of labor that are effective against labor. The Federal anti-trust law itself, framed as it was for the avowed purpose of preventing combinations in restraint of trade, has been invoked for the purpose of preventing a boycott. It seems to be beyond the wit of legislators to devise a law that will force men to an unwilling agreement, and that is precisely what compulsory arbitration means. Moreover, it is an essential injury to working-men that their individuality should be destroyed, and that the laws should assume them to be a helpless mass composed of men who cannot fight their own battles, who cannot compete in the general struggle of life, but must be cared for and coddled until they come to depend upon the State as paupers do. There is nothing so damaging, not only to working-men, but to all humanity, as the communistic hostility to individuality embodied in much of our labor legislation and in most of the demands of labor socialists. We have laws that provide that men shall keep their agreements, and we have courts to enforce these laws. We do not want laws that will compel either working-men or their employers to enter into what they consider to be unfair agreements.

Such laws, if they cannot be enforced, inspire contempt for all law and for the courts of justice, which is the most dangerous state of the public mind in a popular government. If they can be enforced, they are likely to injure the working-men as well as their employers, for they transfer the controversy from those

who are parties to it and who understand its merits, to a group of politicians who are more than likely to decide in favor of the side with the most votes, without regard to justice or equity.

It is to be hoped that Congress will not pass any strike-inspired bills, and will wait, at all events, before considering Mr. SPRINGER's proposition, or any like it, until the clamors of Chicago have ceased to echo in the ears of members anxious for re-election.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND TAMMANY.

THE Republican State Committee has practically decided the contest for regularity between the PLATT-MILHOLLAND faction and the Committee of Thirty in favor of the former. It has appointed a sub-committee to examine and report on this controversy, among others, and the members of the committee are said to be PLATT men.

If there is no change in the situation this means that we are to have a "straight" Republican municipal ticket in the coming election. It is true that Mr. PLATT has declared himself in favor of a union ticket with a Republican at its head, but it is well known that he means a PLATT Republican, and that the various anti-Tammany organizations like the Good Government clubs, the German Association, and the State Democracy could not possibly be brought to support any candidate who would be satisfactory to Mr. PLATT. It will be a distinct injury to the cause of municipal reform if the Republican State Committee permits Mr. PLATT or his faction to represent the party in this city.

The history of "straight-municipal-ticket" politics is the history of corruption and "deals." It was the Republican "straight-ticket" politicians who elected GRANT in 1888, and therefore gave to Tammany Hall that control of municipal affairs which has resulted in exposures of official degradation of the vilest and lowest character, and of the shameful fact that the metropolis of the country is ruled by criminals. The responsibility for all this disgrace must be shared between Tammany and the "straight-ticket" Republicans. In 1884 a corrupt "straight ticket" was nominated, headed by the man known as "Wicked GIBBS" as the candidate for Mayor.

The evidence of an agreement or understanding between PLATT and CROKER this year is abundant, and for months it has been the evident intention of the parties to it to divide between "straight Republicans" and "straight Tammany" men the spoils of the city. It is generally known that the purpose of the PLATT-MILHOLLAND organization is in the interest of Tammany Hall. Every circumstance of "straight-ticket" politics and all the indicia of a "deal" between PLATT and CROKER, by reason of which the Republicans have half of the Police Board, while Tammany escaped a thorough investigation, bear out this statement. It has been verified by PLATT himself and by KERWIN. In the interview which PLATT prepared for the press he admitted that the powers of Tammany and he agreed as to the propriety of making the Police Commission bipartisan, and he says in effect that GILROY carried out the intention, notwithstanding the refusal of the Governor to sign the bipartisan bill.

The Republican Commissioners are apparently the free-will offering of a Tammany Mayor, who could not maintain his leadership for a moment if he gave away any office without consideration. In an interview KERWIN has announced himself as PLATT's loyal and devoted friend, and as the admirer of the Republican "boss's" political methods. He further says that he intends to use his office in aid of the Republican party, and announces that he favors a "straight ticket." There never was fuller evidence of a political "deal," nor a more convincing atmosphere than exists concerning this deal. It is evident, therefore, that if Republicanism in this city is to become Plattism, good citizens cannot look to the Republican party for substantial aid in the war against Tammany.

THE KOREAN "INCIDENT."

TWENTY years ago the question whether Korea should be an independent empire, governed after the obscure and confused Oriental fashion, by authority resting on the mysterious sentiments of its people, would not have excited very much interest in this country, and nothing like anxiety even in Europe. Whether the Korean government should be upset by a popular uprising, whether China or Japan should possess a dominant influence there, or exercise a protectorate, or even conquer the land, would also have been questions for the students of remote affairs, with less *réalité* than the luck of Lord ROSEBERY's colt in the Derby or the standing of Mr. GOULD's yacht has now. To-day the reports from Korea are eagerly scanned in every foreign office from London to St. Petersburg, and the Secretary of State at Washington is drawn into negotiations, the exact purpose and scope of which cannot be fully stated as yet, but which are clearly important. This remarkable change in the relations of a far-away Eastern state to its neighbors is due to the fact that a serious conflict between Japan and China may set the spark to the explosive material stored in the armies of Europe, and plunge a half-dozen nations into that general struggle which for a score of years they have been straining every nerve, first to defer and avoid, and second to meet if it should come.

The exact nature or origin of the quarrel of Japan and China over Korea it is not easy to define. China possesses a vague right of suzerainty in Korea, which has been acknowledged by the payment of tribute, but China has never exercised any open control there. Both China and Japan have trade relations with Korea and subjects living within its borders, of whom the Japanese seem to be the more numerous, active, and wealthy. Both governments claim, by treaty with each other and with Korea, the right to land troops to preserve order and protect the interests of their own people. It is now alleged by Japan that her subjects in Korea have been wronged, and are actually exposed to violence and maltreatment. It is also claimed by Japan that China was asked to join in sending troops to Korea to protect the treaty rights of the Japanese traders and residents and of her own, and not only refused, but protested against independent action by Japan. It is further claimed that an insurgent leader of Korea, having taken refuge in Japan, was decoyed by Chinese agents to Chinese territory, and there betrayed to the Korean government and slain—an act which Japan counts not only a violation of good faith, but a wilful affront on the part of both the Chinese and Korean governments. In these claims there is nothing that could not be settled peaceably if all parties desired peace. Apparently none of them desires peace. China is friendly to the actual Korean government, because it is largely under her influence. Japan is friendly to the opposition faction in Korea, because it desires at least the influence which China possesses in Korea, and probably much greater. The Korean government, in peril from discontent and insurrection, is not averse to a foreign war in which it will have so powerful an ally as China. War of some extent seems now inevitable. The Koreans, it is said, with the support of the Chinese, have begun efforts to drive out the Japanese, and the latter are pushing forward re-enforcements for the troops already in Korea.

What will be the result of such a war? Probably nothing very decided. Two of the most powerful nations of Europe have a distinct interest in repressing any decisive conflict. They are Great Britain and Russia. The former depends on the friendship of China at every point, because Chinese territory is interposed as a buffer for English possessions, on the one hand against Russia, on the other against France. Great Britain cannot, therefore, let China be openly beaten in a serious war. For counter reasons Russia cannot let China be decisively the conqueror in such a war. She is Russia's most formidable rival in the East. She has already balked Russia in the North, and if she conquered Korea, or drove out the Japanese, the hope of Russia for an open port on the Korean coast would be gone forever. Both Great Britain and Russia have offered their "good offices" to Japan and China to settle the quarrel. The offer of neither has yet been accepted. But governments so powerful do not stop with mere tenders of friendly advice. Neither of them cares to see a struggle in which both might be involved. It now seems most probable that the war will either be stopped or very narrowly "localized."

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT AND THE CONSTITUTION.

THE most important work expected by reformers from the convention now sitting in Albany is improvement in city government. All municipal interests are now at the mercy of an irresponsible majority in the Legislature. All important city offices are filled by nominees of national parties. As party policy has no relation to city business, municipal elections are a sham, in which the issues really decided have no connection with the motives which determine them. To vote for a Mayor because he is for or against a protective tariff is as absurd as to choose a lawyer or a banker because he believes in KANT's philosophy. The State committee on municipal reform earnestly ask the convention to grant a qualified home-rule to cities, limiting the Legislature to general laws of incorporation, and subjecting local interests to the municipal councils. They also ask it to separate city elections from national and State elections, assigning each alternate (odd) year to the former, and changing the terms of all State officers and legislators so that they may be elected in the same years with members of Congress and electors for President.

No one pretends that there is any logical or theoretical consistency in this scheme. In fact, State business is like city business in having no connection with national politics. Except in the one matter of naming United States Senators, the State government has no powers or duties in which the so-called principles of the great parties have any weight. But it has vast powers and momentous duties which affect the daily life and the dearest rights of every resident. Voters are asked to intrust these to a particular set of men because of their views upon the McKINLEY tariff or the foreign policy of GRESHAM. And no reform committee, club, or journalist ventures to suggest that the new Constitution change all this, and entirely separate State from national elections. Even the few who fully appreciate the merit of such a separation recognize its practical impossibility. A long process of education is needed to prepare public opinion to consider it.

Again, all such constitutional provisions are open, in the abstract, to the reasonable objection that they become possible only when they become superfluous. If public opinion really demands them it is because the people are resolved no longer to sacrifice their city business to party. The proposed amendments merely aim to protect voters from their own folly. If they have learned wisdom enough to choose their business agents for ability and integrity, there is no need of constitutional restrictions to prevent them from doing otherwise. The detailed methods of effecting their will may safely be left to the voters and to the Legislature which will represent them.

It is well to present these difficulties fairly, and to acknowledge their logical force. They are, and will continue to be, urged against every practical measure of reform, and most strenuously by those who wish to defeat reform altogether. In reality they only prove that any reform now made will not be final. It must be admitted at the outset that party association, party spirit, and, above all, party management and methods in the service of personal ends, have acquired a marvellous power, which cannot be suddenly overthrown. But experience shows that local interests are better considered and cared for when local elections are divorced from national party struggles. It is in the power of the convention to free the administration of municipal business from the control of a party majority in the Legislature by limiting that body to its proper work of general legislation, and reserving that business to the agents of the people interested. It is in its power to remove city elections in a measure from the impertinent and corrupting influence of party machines by assigning them to periods when the great parties have no issue before the State or nation. These are practical steps towards the improvement of our city governments, involving no rash experiment and no sacrifice of cherished traditions or customs. The criticisms made upon them amount merely to this, that the steps are short. True, but they are in the right direction.

All these movements are but expressions of the principle that the business of government must be conducted like other business; that the process of selecting public officers, whether by election or appointment, must be reduced to the process of selecting the fittest men to do the work, without regard to other considerations which will not affect the work. The immense gain to the public which has followed the very limited application of this principle in the lower grades of the executive civil service is better understood every day, and the present proposals in the Constitutional Convention are but a timid and partial effort to extend it in another direction. We earnestly trust that it will succeed, confident that every new application of the principle will vindicate its value and hasten its general acceptance, and hopeful that ere the next generation of New York shall meet, by its chosen sages, to rewrite the fundamental law of the State, it will be assumed as the unquestioned rule controlling all elections and appointments that superior capacity to serve the public is the only right to public office.

AN INSALUBRIOUS VALLEY.

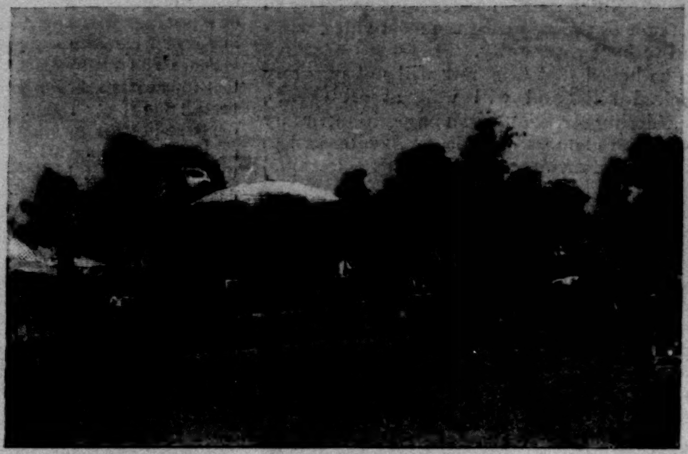
THE city of Brooklyn, having purged itself of the malodorous political institutions that were so long a blot upon its southern border, might well turn its attention to some nuisances of a more literally malodorous kind that flourish along its northern border, a detailed description of which will be found in another column of the WEEKLY. It appears that in an early day the valley of Newtown Creek, which is the boundary between Kings and Queens counties, was selected by various manufacturers as an eligible site for the location of factories. The location was then far on the outskirts of the city, and no doubt quite unobjectionable. A great variety of institutions were set in operation here, including those useful and necessary but unpleasant factories whose purpose it is to transform the animal refuse of a city into merchantable produce. The gases generated by these factories had an odor almost unendurable, as any one can testify who was accustomed to travel on the Long Island Railroad from the Thirty-fourth Street ferry in years gone by. But so long as railroad passengers were the only sufferers, nothing could be done to abate the nuisance, and there were for a long time no residents near to make complaint, as the growing city very naturally held back at a respectful distance from so undesirable a neighborhood.

Somewhat recently, however, an impulse to growth carried a large tide of population distinctly within the area made unwholesome by the various factories, and a storm of protest arose, which resulted in clearing many of the objectionable places from the Kings County side of the creek, and some of the worst from the other side also. But a considerable number remain, despite the efforts of the authorities of Brooklyn. These are apparently intrenched behind political influences of Queens County, before which the neighboring county is powerless, which illustrates anew the disadvantages of having the immediate environs of a city under different management than the city itself. An additional complication arises from the fact that a portion of the community, from interested motives, sides with the factories. When indignation meetings were held last winter, counter-meetings were called upholding the factories, with the natural result of leaving matters in *statu quo*. It will require a determined and unified effort on the part of the authorities of Brooklyn, aided by all unprejudiced residents of the infected district, to overcome the political prestige that enables objectionable factories to operate at the door of a great city in defiance of all hygienic considerations and of common decency.

But while Brooklyn thus has a grievance against Queens County, it seems that her own skirts are by no means clear. No inconsiderable part of the pollution of Newtown Creek and the resulting atmospheric contamination is due to the disposal of the garbage of the city on the flats at an inexcusably short distance from residence districts, to the discharge of large sewers into the currentless creek far from its mouth, and to a "night-soil boat" system that is an amazing anachronism in a community having any knowledge whatever of the laws of health. These, at least, are matters within the control of the authorities of Brooklyn, and a decent regard for public comfort and public health demands that they should be remedied at once.

How ultimately to dispose of the factories along the creek, including the works of the Standard Oil Company, that monopolize so large a section of desirable residence territory, is a question that probably will not reach solution till some time after the region involved has become a part of Greater New York. A good plan to adopt then would be to fill in the entire creek and the lowlands that border it. If this were done, a malodorous region that is at present a disgrace to any community would become a most desirable residence district. But pending such necessarily somewhat remote undertakings, the authorities of Brooklyn might at least take steps to add to the salubriousness of the Newtown Creek region by removing the patent nuisances that at present seem to have official sanction there.

WILLIE MARKS, DAYTON'S BAREBACK-RIDER.



PARK CAGE CONTAINING TRAINED "ELEPHANT" NIT.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CIRCUS.

THE DAYTON, OHIO, CHARITY CIRCUS.

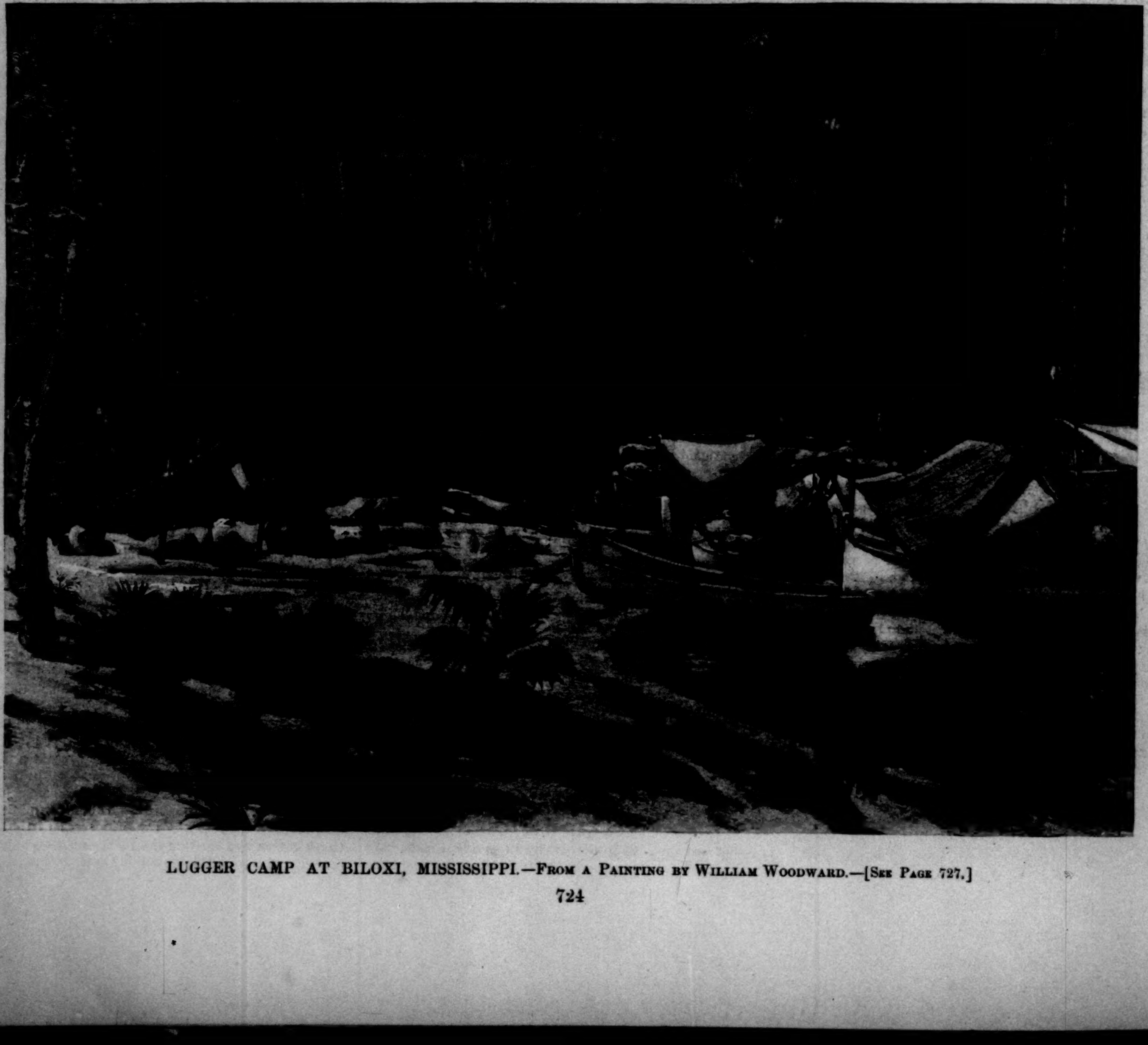
DAYTON'S CHARITY CIRCUS.

BUSINESS was at a standstill in Dayton, Ohio, on July 12th, because of the unusual event of an amateur circus performance. The clowns and riders were the best-known young men of the place, and as the entertainment was given for charity's sake, it was not only artistically but financially a success. The proceeds were divided in equal shares between the Deaconess and the St. Elizabeth hospitals. The weather was favorable, and crowds poured in from the surrounding country, which had been thoroughly billed and posted with the regulation circus literature. The Mayor of Dayton issued a proclamation making the occasion a holiday, and consequently most business houses closed their doors. The houses and streets were elaborately decorated with flowers and bunting, and the city wore a gala appearance. The legends on some of the "dodgers" announced that: "We lead, others slip in the mud." "Only big show on the road this season carrying its own wood and sawdust." "A growling success—the Charity Circus Menagerie." "The Charity Circus tents will be erected without the use of profanity."

These tents, which extended over an area of three acres, were pitched on the Fair-Grounds. The side-show tent contained sixty-four cages of animate and inanimate freaks, and was decorated with all sorts of quaint pictures and banners. The regulation shouters stood outside and called upon the public to step within.

The circus procession, which occurred in the morning, was one mile long and took an hour to pass a given point, and hundreds of people lined the streets to watch the novel spectacle. The two performances were excellent, as the circus was not gotten up as a farce or travesty. The seats were all occupied, and many of the audience had to stand. There were two rings and an arena stage, with three numbers going at once. Throughout the show many of Dayton's well-known young society men peddled peanuts, souvenir programmes, lemonade, and tickets for the inevitable "concert," which concluded the performance in true circus style.

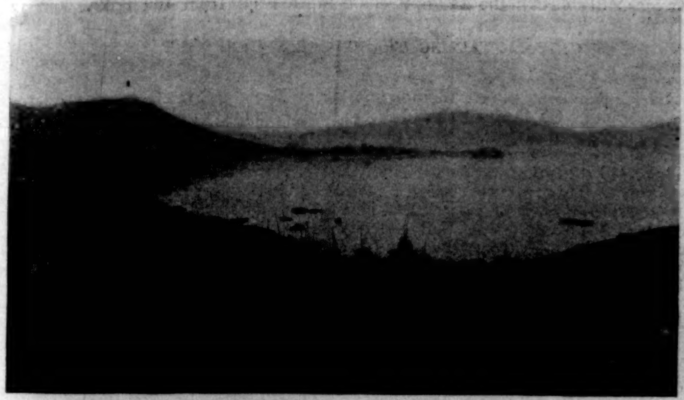
Much credit for the success of the occasion is due to Mr. Harry E. Feicht, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, and to his numerous assistants.

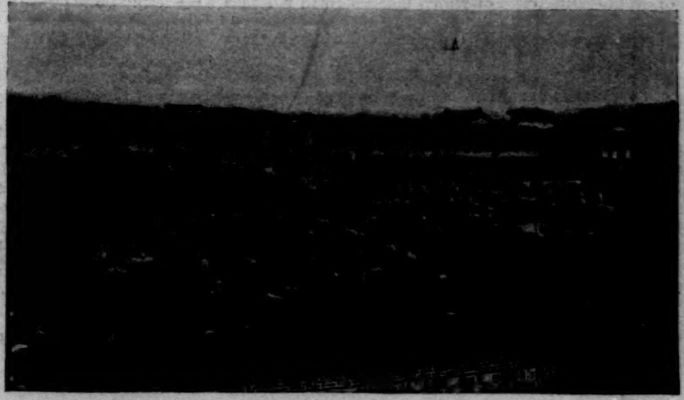


LUGGER CAMP AT BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI.—FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM WOODWARD.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

GROUP OF KOREAN CHILDREN.

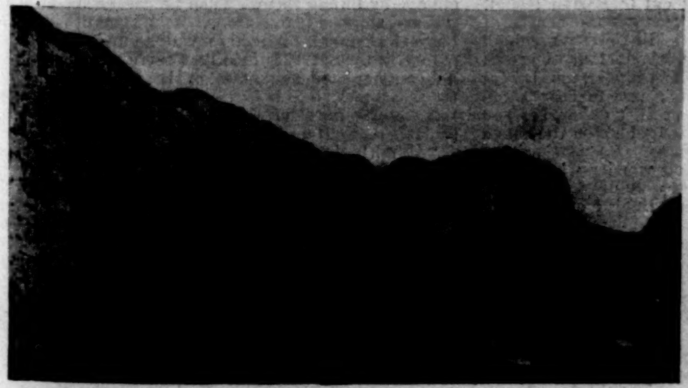
STEPS OF AUDIENCE-HALL, SEOUL.


CITY AND HARBOR OF CHEMULPO.

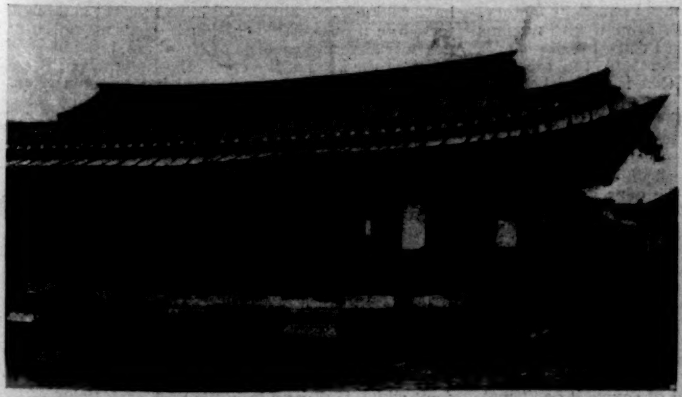

RUINS IN OLD PALACE, SEOUL.

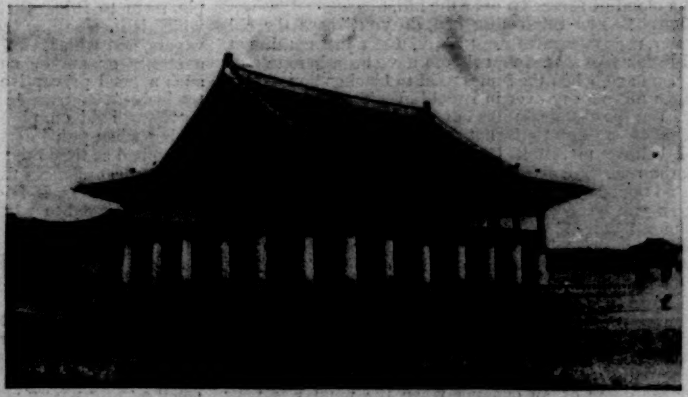
STREET IN NATIVE PORTION OF CHEMULPO.

GENERAL VIEW OF CHEMULPO.


WALLS OF SEOUL.

SOUTH GATE, SEOUL.


OFFICE OF UNITED STATES LEGATION, SEOUL.


QUEEN'S PAVILION, SEOUL.

SCENES IN KOREA.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. M. MATTICE, U. S. N., AND C. P. HOWELL, U. S. N.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

UNWHOLESOME ENVIRONS OF BROOKLYN.

A GOOD many thousands of people take the cars each day at Long Island City, bound for the favored resorts of "wind-swept Long Island." Each of these passengers, before he has journeyed far, receives something not called for on his ticket. But it is not a "something" calculated to add to the pleasure of the passenger. It begins as a mild, ill-defined aroma almost as soon as the cars are well in motion, and it becomes rapidly accentuated, till it is an aroma neither mild nor ill-defined, though quite indescribable. The wise traveller at once endeavors to forestall further experience of the gratuitous offering by closing the window, and, if sex permits, resorting to a perfumed handkerchief or a vinaigrette. But the ruse usually does not succeed, as some novitiate is almost sure to leave a window open, while for the traveller who is in an open car the case is quite hopeless. He may as well give himself up to resignation from the first, or, at most, attempt to accomplish something by holding his breath.

The source of the first instalment of odors is plainly a varnish factory, but soon one has passed beyond the pale of this particular emanation, and finds himself whirling between low dingy buildings, apparently of some forgotten epoch of architecture, each of which belches forth volumes of smoke, and gives out an intangible but by no means undetected redolence that makes the effluvium of the varnish factory seem ambrosial by contrast. Building after building flies by in quick succession (evidently the engineer is under orders, or has regard to his own feelings), each exhaling a stench peculiar to itself and seemingly different from all the others. Language is quite inadequate to describe the peculiar noisomeness and extreme variety of these smells. They are nidorous, empyreumatic, fetid, rank, rancid, olid, mephitic—run the entire list of the thesaurus if you like, not skipping even the words that are obsolete (for the occasion justifies their rejuvenation), and you will still feel that you have done the subject scant justice.

What does it mean? Why does so ill-smelling a region margin the city of Brooklyn? From the train one cannot well discover. Most of the malodorous buildings are low and unpretentious, some are mere shanties or enclosed sheds, and exactly what objectionable purpose each is given over to is unrevealed to external view. If one would find out their secret he must seek closer acquaintance and a more leisurely inspection. But even a walk along the track, though calculated to give one a new idea as to the number and variety of unclassified odors in the world, will probably accomplish little in explanation of the mysteries of their generation, unless one is armed with credentials that will unbar the doors of the dingy buildings. If one goes so provided—and escapes being eaten by a troop of dogs—he will find rather an interesting, though certainly an unæsthetic, story hidden behind the smoky walls. But a far pleasanter method of investigation, and one that is by all means to be recommended to any one who is not abnormally curious, is to seek a station on the hill that overlooks Cologne Gulch, and have some "old residenter" read the roster of unsavory institutions from a distance. Such a vantage-ground is easily to be found on Laurel Hill, just to the north of the gulch. From this hill you look off across the pestilential valley to sloping cultivated hill-sides beyond, topping which, when one can see them through the noisome smokes and vapors that belch from numberless chimneys along the valley, are the towers and spires and house-tops of the City of Churches seen in huddled perspective, with the Brooklyn Bridge looming plainly through and above them (seeming less distant than it really is), and hazy domes of New York buildings yet beyond.

It is a pleasing bird's-eye background. But the foreground spoils the picture. It is true that a stream, which you learn is Newtown Creek, the boundary line between Kings and Queens counties, coils along the valley just below you, but its banks, where they show at all, are low and unwholesome-looking, and for the most part they are hidden by series of long low buildings, spread out in every direction along the valley. These are the buildings that greeted your nostrils as you journeyed in the cars, for the railway runs along the valley almost directly beneath your present perch. If you are fortunate in finding a well-informed old resident who is inclined to talk—which is not very difficult, as the subject is one that naturally appeals to any one who resides in the vicinity—the veil may be lifted for you from the valley of Newtown Creek somewhat as follows:

"The buildings in which you are interested," he will perhaps say, "and in which every one who lives within two or three miles of here is or has been interested, have many of them been here thirty or forty years—"

"Is *that* all?" you interpolate. "They look as if they might have been there as many centuries."

"Yes, so they do; but you will notice that even the new buildings on the hill behind us look very ancient and dark. That comes from the paint being blackened by the fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen that come from this big building just below us. It's the Nichols Chemical Works, and it's about the worst-smelling place there is left along the creek—which is saying a good deal for it, as you know."

"It certainly is," you respond, fervently, as a chance gust brings a cloud of fumes up over the hill.

"Humph! You think that bad, do you?" says the old residenter, rather scornfully. "Why, that's just nothing at all. I rather like *that*. You should have been here two or three years ago, when the fumes used to blacken houses two and three miles away over in Brooklyn. Then there *was* a smell. But the chemical folks have got in better machinery, and some of us think that what smell there is now is healthful. I believe myself it keeps off the malaria. What? Think the remedy worse than the disease? Oh, that's nonsense; no remedy *could* be worse than malaria."

"Then you have had it sometimes, in spite of the chemical fumes, I judge?"

"Well, it will catch you once in a while along these low places, you know, but I'd have had it oftener if it hadn't been for the chemical works, I'm sure. But, as I was saying, in those old days, till about two years ago, the chemical works were pretty bad, and there was no end of rendering factories and fertilizer factories here too, and, upon my word, where I lived, two miles off, over in the city, you could sometimes actually *see* the smell coming. I'd defy any one to stay out-of-doors of an evening when the wind was your way. But the people held indignation meetings, and the State Board of Health took a hand, and the Health Commissioners kept hounding the places, till the worst of them had to leave. Most of the rendering factories went to Barren Island or up the Sound. What is a rendering factory? Why, a place for rendering fat, to be sure. You see, they buy up refuse scraps from the butchers, and from hotels and ocean steamers, paying two and three-quarter cents a pound for the stuff. Then they try it out at these factories, getting commercial fats and oils. The residue is made into fertilizers, and some of the places reduce the bones to phosphates and bone-black. That low building down there to the left of the chemical building is Heffner's rendering establishment. The flat spread-out building just back of it is Reed's fertilizer factory. There are three more fat-rendering and fertilizer places down the track toward the ferry—F. Van Eiderstein's, and Van Eiderstein Brothers', and Preston's."

"Then they haven't all gone yet? Are they preparing to move?"

"Oh no; these are fixtures. And there are several more up the creek on Furman Island. There are the Acme Fertilizer Works, and Hildebrand's hog-bristle factory, and the Chapin Fertilizer Company—John Miller's place, you know—where they render—"

"But does not the law prohibit the rendering of fat within three miles of the city limits?"

"Yes, I believe it does; that is, it is supposed to, if the places can be proved nuisances. That was why so many of them had to move. They have all gone from the Brooklyn side of the creek except Rosenberg's. You can see his place over there just above the bridge. They say he doesn't do any rendering there now, though. His wagons still collect in the city, and he sorts the stuff here, but he sends it somewhere else to be rendered. I believe Heffner does the same. Where do they send it? Well, that's not my business, you know, but I have heard said that it goes over to New York, to some of the places along the North River. The New York Board of Health would not allow such a thing? Oh, I suppose not; and I believe there is an ordinance prohibiting it. But I have heard it rumored that New York ordinances are not *always* obeyed to the letter. There are exceptions to almost all rules 'among fr'en's,' you know. However, be that as it may, we have practically routed all the rendering places from the Brooklyn side of the creek, even if we haven't done as well on the Queens County side. Frieze's place has gone altogether, and so have Ackerman's and Baker's. In fact, there isn't a real bad-smelling factory left on that side the creek since the egg factory burned down."

"The egg factory?"

"Yes; the place where they used to take the bad eggs from the city and make them into oil or something; I never got near enough the place to find out exactly what. Talking of bad odors! That was the place for them. But they haven't tried to rebuild the egg factory. It stood right over there beyond Peter Cooper's glue factory. And, by-the-way, the glue factory was not a bad neighbor for it in its day. Some people rather preferred the eggs, of the two. But the glue factory isn't what it was; that is, its odor isn't what it used to be. It really is not very bad now, though there was some complaint last winter, and an organized attempt was made to get rid of it. But the factory stood its ground—called in an expert to show that it is no nuisance, but a good wholesome concern—and anyhow it has so perfected its apparatus that it really is not fair to find too much fault with it now. It certainly does not smell any worse than the Kalbfleisch chemical works up by Grand Street. But that is so near Furman Island that I guess the people up there like it by way of contrast. Furman Island, you know, is the garden spot of this whole valley of odors. It is merely a low bit of ground in the centre of the valley, with Newtown Creek circled about it, except for a causeway thrown across from the Queens side.

"But even Furman Island isn't what it used to be. A good many of its worst factories have gone. Ed Preston and Barr Brothers and the Rausch Company and Stinner and Pflegring and Stern and Weild and Touzzo have all moved their establishments away. Zimmerman has gone too. He had the contract for removing all dead animals from Long Island City. He still brings the carcasses here; and so does Wessell, who has a similar contract for Kings County. But they do not render them here now. They ship them on the boat *Lester* every night out to Barren Island. People at Manhattan Beach sometimes get the benefit of the change when the wind is right. But pretty much all Brooklyn got it before. You see, about four thousand horses die in the streets of Brooklyn in a year, and it kept Wessell's men busy boiling— Don't care to hear about that? Well, you wouldn't care to smell it either, but you probably have if you ever went along here on the cars a year or two ago.

"You smell enough still, and you wonder why all the rest of the rendering establishments were not forced to go too? So do some of the rest of us. But we can't always hope to understand everything, you know, especially in Queens County. Perhaps the fact that Bob McGlaughlin has an interest in the Reed Fertilizer concern down there may not have done any harm—to the concern—when the others were migrating. And I suppose Cord Meyer's being secretary of the Acme Fertilizer Company up on Furman Island— But of course I don't know anything about it. We haven't had a Lexow investigation over here, you remember. Perhaps when we do have, the rest of the fertilizer concerns will follow the others. But the fact is, you see, it is so much better than it used to be that lots of people don't seem to realize how bad it still is."

"No, I've noticed they don't. Some of them, for example, seem to think that this pestilential chemical factory, which is surcharging the air for miles around with noxious vapors, and which, as I noticed when I came by, discharges a steady stream of most fetid water into the creek, is such a good preventive of malaria that it would be quite too bad—"

"Now hold on, please; I'm not through yet. As I was saying when you interrupted me, the rendering works are not so bad as they used to be. Those that remain have put in patent appliances that do the work under pressure—the naphtha process, it is called—and the odor is a mere perfume compared to what it was when the boiling was all done in open vats. It isn't exactly ottar of roses yet, but the people remember how it used to be, and they are disposed to be grateful for even such concessions as have been made. Then, again, there are about 20,000 people employed in various factories along the creek—the chemical alone employs 600—and they all realize that if their factories moved they would have to move also, and they like to live near the city, so of course they stand ready to declare that the factories are not nuisances. They can't smell a thing wrong along here, and of course it don't matter much what strangers smell going by on the cars, which is about the only way they do go by.

"Really, though, while the remaining establishments are bad enough, and ought not to be here, it is only fair to say that there are worse things along Newtown Creek. These bad odors do not all come from rancid fat by any means. Do you see that series of buildings with rounded turrets down there toward Preston's? That is the paraffine works of the Standard Oil Company. You noticed a fine smell of coal-tar products as you came by there, I'll warrant, and you can see smoke belching into the air from those chimneys. Before they came here Newtown Creek was a clear stream with fish in it; now its water is as black as ink, its surface glitters with a film of oil, and everything it touches is thick coated with tar. You can see at low tide now that all the banks everywhere and the exposed stones and sticks are black with it. But tar isn't the worst feature of this modern Styx either. The chemical works there discharge a steady stream of fetid liquids into the creek, as you saw, and lots of the other factories add their mites. In fact, the creek seems to be considered the natural and proper receptacle for all the filth in this part of the world. A little distance up there toward Furman Island a man named Baker has a cow-stable right over an arm of the creek, and I have no doubt there are others at other places.

"But all this is nothing compared to what the city of Brooklyn itself does. When you see that Newtown Creek is a tortuous channel, with no current except the slight oscillation caused by the tide, which never suffices to carry anything far from its mouth into the East River, you would hardly believe that large sewers of Brooklyn empty into it some miles back from the river. But they do. There is one at Greenpoint, at the foot of Masserole and Nassau avenues, that opens out into a flat several hundred feet square, through which the sewage must percolate, exposed to the sun, before entering the creek even. Then there is another at Meserole Street, and a very large one at Grand Street Bridge, as every one must know who has been near there at low tide. All this filth discharges into this little creek, which, at that distance from the river, is practically landlocked. Do you wonder that the Brooklyn Styx hasn't a pleasant odor?

"Yes, and there is another little odor-disseminating spot that the city is responsible for. You must know that Brooklyn is still so provincial in some localities as to collect its sewage in cesspools. These are emptied from time to time, and the contents carted to the foot of Massett Avenue, and dumped into a big scow called the night-soil boat that is moored there. When this boat is full, which is never oftener than once in two weeks, it is towed out to sea and emptied. At least it is supposed to be; but it used to happen pretty often that on a dark night the boat didn't get even as far as East River, but was dumped in the creek below the second bridge. Of course that is no worse than having the sewers open into the creek; but this boat-load of sewage standing there week in and week out is a long sight worse than any one of the rendering factories about which the health authorities make so much fuss.

"Knowing all this, you understand why Newtown Creek is about the vilest body of water of any size in the world. You recall that the water of the traditional Styx made the gods who were required to drink of it as a punishment ill for an entire year. I believe a single swallow of Brooklyn's Styx would have killed the hardiest of them outright. No wonder its odors are pestilential! Now, of course, in comparing the creek to the Styx I don't want the comparison carried too far—to include the region beyond the creek. Newtown Creek doesn't run around Brooklyn, you know, but only along one side of it. It does run around Furman Island, though—not nine times, to be sure; only once—and when that island was in full blast, with all its rendering places, I don't believe it was any pleasanter place to live than the region encompassed by the original Styx. But, as I have said, Furman Island isn't what it used to be. Even the horse-bologna factory isn't there any more."

"The horse-bologna factory? What in the world was that?"

"Never heard of the horse-bologna factory? You don't say? Well, it was just another of the ornaments of Cologne Valley. Henry Bossy ran it. He used to buy up all the old crow-baits of Brooklyn, and prevent them from dying of old age by killing them. Then he packed the meat in barrels and shipped it to Europe. You know it is legal to sell horse-steak there. All this was done under the eye of the authorities. But it is said that there was one other move not contemplated by the authorities, namely, the making of the salted meat into bologna sausage, and its reshipment to this country for sale. The business is still going on, it is said, further out on Long Island."

"Umph! Anything else delectable about this charming Styx Valley?"

"Oh yes. For example, it is here that Brooklyn dumps her ash-barrel garbage—out on the flats beyond Grand Street Bridge, and around Greenpoint, and at other 'handy' points. Then, awhile back, some of New York's garbage was dumped on this side the river to fill in a low spot along the creek belonging to a man who must have been a friend of some of your street-cleaning authorities, I suppose. This New York garbage wasn't any more ambrosial than is the Brooklyn garbage. But the people did not say much about it. There is nothing like getting used to things, you know, and Newtown Creek and its odors are an old story to the Brooklynites. Your New-Yorkers up by Rikers Island made frantic complaints when your city authorities dumped ill-smelling garbage there, simply because it was a new thing. If it had been going on for forty years they wouldn't have said a word, but would have thought any one who objected an unreasonable 'kicker.' Here along the creek we not only have the garbage of Brooklyn, but just out beyond there, at the head of the creek, the Long Island Railroad has acres of manure piled up awaiting transportation. This quite caps the climax for malodorousness, but people don't mind it much."

"Perhaps they think it keeps off the malaria."

"Now see here, what I said about the malaria wasn't any joke. Just you come down here with me and see if you think any germ could live in the odor that comes from that chemical factory. Why, you can't more than half breathe when you get down there near it. Won't come, eh? Prefer to go around over the hill and back to the city through Calvary Cemetery, do you? All right. Good-day, then; come again some time and I'll tell you more about Cologne Valley."

And you go away feeling that you at least begin to understand the source, if not comprehend the nature, of the marvellously composite nidor (still clinging to the obsolete words: the others seem too common and feeble for this subject) which is thrown in gratis with each ticket of the Long Island Railroad, and with each building lot of the northern section of suburban Brooklyn. You feel doubly assured, too, that Cologne Valley, lying almost in the heart of the "Greater New York" that is to be, will prove a rare acquisition to the metropolis.

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

LUGGER CAMP AT BILOXI.

The lugger is a craft apart and unlike any other craft to be found in the waters of this country. Of a foreign model, it is manned by a class of foreigners who speak the language or dialect of the country from which they come, and, for the most part leading a lonely life in the bayous and waters surrounding New Orleans, have little inducement to become the spruce, hustling, average citizen of the great republic. And yet their families, generally residing in the city, which is the great market, have opportunities for schooling which tend to change the character of the next generation for the better.

The lugger itself is a simple and very serviceable craft, about as large as a large cat-boat, but narrower. It has its hold for freight forward and its small cabin aft. A single stout mast rises at a point about one-third from the bow, and the single sail, of simple shape, hangs, when set, from the yard, which rakes gracefully upward and toward the stern, being loosely looped to the mast near its top in about the proportion, fore and aft of the mast, of the boat itself, though somewhat longer.

The forward lower corner of this sail is made fast to the deck near the bow, and the other lower corner is connected by the tackle or sheets to the usual iron rod across the stern of the boat.

Thus there is no occasion to go aloft, and the lugger is quickly brought about and managed in the narrow winding bayous which form such a considerable part of the waterways of Louisiana.

Whether the mission be to gather oysters in the far-famed Bayou Cook, or the lovely reaches of Barataria Bay, or along the mysterious marsh-lined inlets of the adjacent Mississippi coast; or whether it be to seek the golden fruit in its season among the numerous orange groves of the territory below the city, along the banks of the Mississippi River; or be it sweet-potatoes or musky melons—the lugger always returns, like a homing-pigeon, to the gently rocking nest of kindred craft at the lugger-landing on the banks of the great river opposite that paradise for lovers of the picturesque, the French Market. No one who appreciates the artist's side of existence can afford to miss seeing this heart and centre of foreign New Orleans.

Go after a shower or damp weather, sighting from a distance the mellow red of some sails amid the gleaming white of others hauled in festoons to dry, while the white-painted hulls, in all the glory of emerald-green and bright blue stripes, are mellowed and blended by contact with the muddy waters of the river.

There comes a time, however, when business is slack, the oyster season being over, and the lugger can retire to some tiny ship-yard in some nook of Bay St. Louis or Biloxi Bay, where it can be overhauled and repainted.

These ship-yards are very simple affairs in the mild climate, which permits work to go on all winter in the open air, generally without even a roof.

This is vacation-time for the women and children also, and they can enjoy a simple out-door life while the lugger is being put in order, or while it is moored to the bank of some quiet bayou overhung with the pendants of gray Spanish moss.

The cooking is done on shore, amid the coops of chickens, anchors, overturned boats, and piles of nautical material, and the meals served under the awnings at hand, leaving the decks free for the piles of bedding, upon which the young children and babies sport in the shade.

The men pitch their beds on the sand, in a favorable position to catch the least movement of air, under the inevitable mosquito-bar, running their chances of having to make a quick change of base in case of a storm.

And so the vacation passes, and with the 1st of September, the opening of the oyster season, the red awnings are struck, the white sails set, and the sea-birds again claim their domain.

A FISHER'S IDYL.

I love to sit alone and idly dream
Upon the verge of some rough mountain stream,
Within whose cool, transparent pools there lurks
The trout, the daintiest of fair Nature's works;
To doze, while holding fast a sapling frail
Within my tight-closed hand, from which there trail
A line and baited hook, which Master Trout—
Just as I dream I've crossed the Vale of Doubt,
And reached the goal of Hope—grabs greedily,
And yanks me back to life's reality.

John Kendrick Bangs.

KOREA.

Poor and forlorn, with little remaining to tell of her former glories, still rubbing her eyes after a sleep of centuries, Korea has awakened to find herself famous, to discover that her geographical position has invested her with an importance that her native merit would never have brought her, and what observers of Eastern events have long foreseen has now come to pass. War is inaugurated between China and Japan; the little "Hermit Nation" will be the battle-ground, and will suffer again, as she has in former times, from the desolation of an armed conflict which only remotely interests her. What part she will herself play in the drama it is yet too soon to determine, but at best it must be a minor one. The United States naval officers who led the expedition against Korea in 1871 bear witness to the bravery and tenacity of the Koreans in battle, but at present their army is very small, only 5000 men, and, though trained and commanded by Americans, its fighting qualities are still untested. The nation is poor, it has no navy, and its cities are defenceless.

There is no popular education. The higher classes are well versed in the Chinese classics. The missionaries have doubtless accomplished some good, but the time has been too short, and the minds of the people so densely steeped in a low form of Buddhism, mixed up with all manner of superstition and pure paganism, as to be almost without any true religious feeling. In language and race the Korean people are more nearly allied to the Japanese than to the Chinese. Their civilization, literature (such as it is), written characters, and culture came in remote times from the great Middle Kingdom, and were freely deeded to Japan centuries since. In politics, social laws, and customs Korea differs from both her neighbors.

The trade of the country is still insignificant. Foreign merchants have expressed the opinion that there is plenty of wealth in the hands of the people, but this is largely conjecture. The coin of the common people is the copper or brass "cash" or sapek, valued at the rate of about one thousand to the Mexican dollar. These little coins have a square hole in the centre, and are strung on cords of straw, and it is said that when a traveller makes a journey of any length into the interior he must take along an extra horse to carry his money. The writer was told by Dr. Scranton, a medical missionary resident in the capital, of his having on one occasion sold to the Korean government eighteen hundred Mexican dollars (worth at that time $1440 United States gold), receiving in exchange "cash" for the use of the Presbyterian mission, and that it required the services of fifty-six stout men to carry his purchase from the Korean Treasury to the mission-house.

These sapeks are the only money coined and current in Korea, which shows a poor people and a limited trade. In the larger transactions of the government, gold-dust and bullion are employed.

The condition of the people is scarcely above that of serfs; indeed, the recent rebellion in the southern provinces, out of which has grown the present war, was not political in its character, but an uprising of a suffering people against a tyrannical and cruel governor.

The towns are generally poor and squalid, though many of them are walled, and have been important military centres. Seoul, or Soûl, the capital, is near the west coast, about thirty miles from the sea. Its population is variously estimated at from 150,000 to 200,000 people. Its heavy walls were once formidable, and doubtless are considered so yet by an ignorant populace, but they are crumbling and broken, inadequately armed, and useless as a protection against modern artillery.

As the architecture of Korea is rather poor, there are but few buildings of importance in the capital, the Palace, the Queen's Pavilion, and the Audience Hall being the principal ones.

The streets of Seoul are narrow and very crooked. The country roundabout the city is very mountainous.

Chemulpo, the seaport of the capital, is on the west coast, thirty miles distant. It has a fairly good harbor, and will be the base of Japanese operations and the anchorage for the foreign ships of war. The bulk of the foreign commerce centres there.

Eustace B. Rogers,
Paymaster, United States Navy.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD·

Public opinion is sure to sustain the assertion of Mr. Du Maurier in the closing pages of *Trilby*, that Taffy Wynne was a gentleman. There are no drawbacks to Taffy. He is altogether lovely. Strong, gentle, and faithful, he gets no one's sympathy because his strength is so obviously equal to his day; but every discriminating reader must feel his heart go out to him more and more as *Trilby's* pages turn. The present writer wots of no such admirable Briton in literature since "Stunning Warrington" dwelt with Arthur Pendennis in chambers in Pump Court. Let us be grateful to Fate for shaping Taffy's destinies with a kinder hand than she used for Warrington's, though Taffy seems superior even to fate, as Trilby is herself.

Trilby has been pure gain from beginning to end. To middle-aged people especially, whose tastes were formed on models different from those of the contemporary hour, it has been a singular refreshment. It is in some respects a bold book, but if there is anything in it that is not wholesome and sweet, it escaped at least one reader's eye. If Mr. Du Maurier has about him the making of any other stories of the same quality, it is to be hoped that he will make it his business to work them up. His coevals especially will ever pray that he will permit no other form of labor to interfere with the performance of that duty. *Trilby* has given him a new and astonishing hold on the affections of many of his life-long admirers. Even the irate Whistler, if he has human feelings at all, must be mollified when he finds Joe Sibley admitted as an old and worthy friend to the company that saw almost the last of Trilby's fading loveliness.

If any one's sentiments about *Trilby* are at variance with those here set forth, peace be to that person. There are those—a great multitude—who won't read *Trilby*. Never mind; the inferior books must have buyers as well as the good ones. Of those who do read it there will be some who will say that its religion is heretical and its morals confused. Never mind! People are entitled to a considerable variance of opinion about books, and even people who don't like *Trilby* ought not to be discouraged or out of patience with themselves. If they feel themselves inclining that way they will do well to read Mr. Howells's account in the August Harper's Monthly of his visit to Emerson, and of how Emerson remarked that *The Marble Faun* was "mere mush," and spoke of Poe as "the jingle man." Such sentiments from the Yankee Plato are enough to make any man tolerant of any perverse views he or any one may hold of any book or any author. Mr. Howells has earned our gratitude by making Emerson teach a new lesson after all these years that he has lain mute.

A paragraph in a week-old newspaper records the names of the distinguished clergy "who officiated at the requiem mass celebrated over the remains of So-and-so, a well-known New York club man, who died on Friday night." To be a member of divers clubs during life is a convenience much affected by well-to-do gentlemen, many of whom are very rarely seen in the clubs to which they belong. But to be a member of a lot of clubs during life is one thing, and it is quite another to go to one's long home stigmatized by one's local press as "a well-known club man." To call an elderly man a club man is to suggest bachelorhood, domestic infelicity, a bald head, a red nose, a bow-window, a taste for cocktails, and a propensity to be out very late at night. These are not desirable insinuations to have hinted over one's cold remains. Nor are the majority of club members rightly open to them. Give us truth in obituaries by all means. If a man really is a confirmed club man, let it come out, and his memory bear the consequences. But if he is merely a club member, let an action lie against any newspaper that calls him a club man in his obituary, so that his heirs, at least, may have reparation for the damage done to his fame.

Much interest attaches to the suit of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page against a firm of New York horse-dealers to recover the difference between the amount which two horses cost Mr. Page and the sum they brought when sold by him at auction. The horses cost, including expenses, $755. They brought at auction $195. Mr. Page wants the difference, and $100 besides in reparation, as agreed upon, for a blind eye in one horse. Here are the outlines of a tragedy which the experienced reader finds no difficulty in filling out. "Kind and sound," the dealer warranted the horses. "Wild and unmanageable," Mr. Page says he found them. That is all familiar. He offered them back. That, too, is familiar. But the dealer wouldn't take them back, which is the usual course again, and Mr. Page has sued him, which is somewhat more novel, the customary way being to charge the difference between the buying and selling price to the account of "information gained." In Mr. Page's affair, inasmuch as the blind eye is a separate issue, the case will turn on whether or not the animals were "kind." The dealer may be expected to maintain that the horses were as kind as a bicycle, in competent hands. Mr. Page's feeling, as familiarly expressed, is,

"If they be not kind to me,
What care I how kind they be?"

What a jury will say it is of course impossible to forecast; but even if Mr. Page finds no other immediate profit in the suit, at least his adventure will help to qualify him to write with accuracy and feeling upon a topic of perennial interest to mankind.

It is interesting to find it reported as a unanimous opinion among naval officials that the method of appointment to Annapolis by competitive examination does not secure as good material as the old system of personal selection. Scholarship wins the competitive appointment, but very much besides scholarship goes to the making of good officers, and the official records have been found to back the opinion that lads personally chosen for appointment because of general fitness turn out better than lads who have won their chance by superiority in studies. Whether the Congressmen who now appoint cadets by the competitive method would do better the other way is another question, since the superiority of appointment by personal selection depends directly on the capacity of the Congressman to select, and it probably happens in many cases that where the appointment is thrown open to competition it is because the man in whose gift it is wishes to be rid of a duty in which he is not interested, and which he wishes to discharge with the least possible personal responsibility for the disappointment of unsuccessful applicants.

In the Homestead strike Mr. Frick, who represented Mr. Carnegie, got himself even more disliked by the strikers and their friends than his principal. In the Pullman strike it seems to be different. The greater part of the odium which the strike has excited is piled up on Mr. Pullman. Mr. T. F. Wickes, his manager, has shared some of it, but while his fidelity to his own side is not questioned, he seems not to have excited the sort of sentiment that Mr. Frick was unlucky enough to arouse. Eugene Field, who says very hard things of Mr. Pullman, deprecates the sarcasms that have been levelled at Mr. Wickes, and avers that he has "heart and blood as well as brains," and that if he had been in supreme control at Pullman there would have been no strike. Mr. Field talks about Mr. Pullman's "odious personality." It may be that he is lacking in personal amenity. Certainly it seems here in the East as if he must be, for he appears to have taken uncommon pains to make his men comfortable and keep them employed, and to have gathered in a remarkable collection of hard knocks in return.

The recent episode of Debs has tempted Rudyard Kipling to a flight of verse. It is hard to judge the fifteen stanzas which he is stated to have printed in the *St. James Gazette* by the four which have come to New York by cable, but the impression that the four convey is that Mr. Kipling regards the American working-man as a remarkably jagged chunk of raw material, which, notwithstanding his jaggedness, the American Spirit is confident of working up into a useful product. If that is his idea it indicates that Mr. Kipling has not lived in this country without getting a pretty good notion of where its strength lies, or what its hopes as a coherent nation are based on.

To the many creditable things that have been said since his death of Mr. William Walter Phelps, it may be added that he left a will of very uncommon literary merit. Its phraseology is as simple and direct as if it were a letter, and there is nothing about it except its sound sense to suggest the hand of a lawyer. One clause of it reads:

"I direct my executors to take the $50,000 left by my father to Yale College and to add to it enough, not exceeding $50,000, to build on the campus such a building as they may think needed, to be known as the Phelps Refectory, Dormitory, or Hall."

In the light of some recent lamentations of Yale graduates over the modernizing of old Yale, it does not seem certain that a bequest for a new building on the campus will meet, at this time, with quite as much enthusiasm as it deserves.

Boston has voted in favor of the Meigs subway. What she has got will be better understood when it is seen, but it is safe to say that when the proposed improvements are finished and at work it will be easier than it is now to get into Boston, and a good deal less desirable. The expected combination of subways and elevated railroads may facilitate travel as well by keeping folks away from Boston as by increasing the means of conveyance. The *Transcript* deplores the homeliness of the Meigs elevated railroad car. "Straddling its track," it says, "its running-gear, with wheels inclining inward at the bottom, is like nothing in the world so much as a bow-legged man with club-feet."

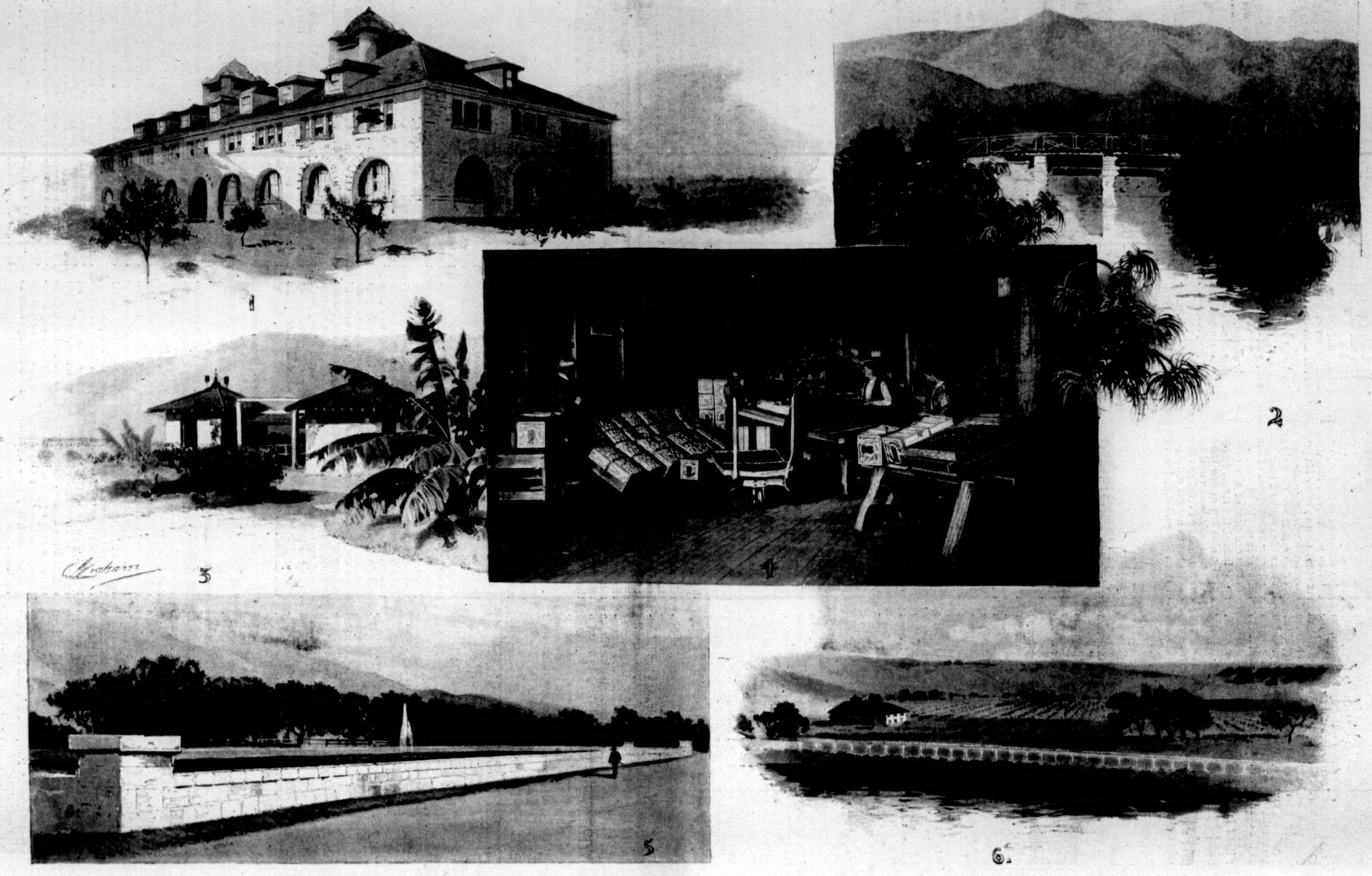
The late Lord Coleridge was one of the men who profited by the years he spent in college. At Oxford, in 1840, he was one of a circle of young men called The Decade, which included Clough, Matthew Arnold, and Dean Church, and of the proceedings of which he afterwards said:

"We met in one another's rooms. We discussed all things human and divine—we thought we stripped things to the very bone—we believed we dragged recondite truths into the light of common day, and subjected them to the scrutiny of what we were pleased to call our minds. We fought to the very stumps of our intellects, and I believe that many of us—I can speak for one—would generally admit that many a fruitful seed of knowledge was sown on those pleasant, if somewhat pugnacious, evenings."

"Fought to the very stumps of our intellects" is a picturesque expression, and worth remembering.

It is ingeniously computed by a Chicago contemporary that the strike that tied up the railroads leading out of Chicago was the means of saving more lives than it cost. When the trains are all running an average of one person a day is killed at grade crossings, besides two or three that are injured. The number shot or otherwise hurt during the strike did not equal the number casually run down in ordinary times.

E. S. Martin.

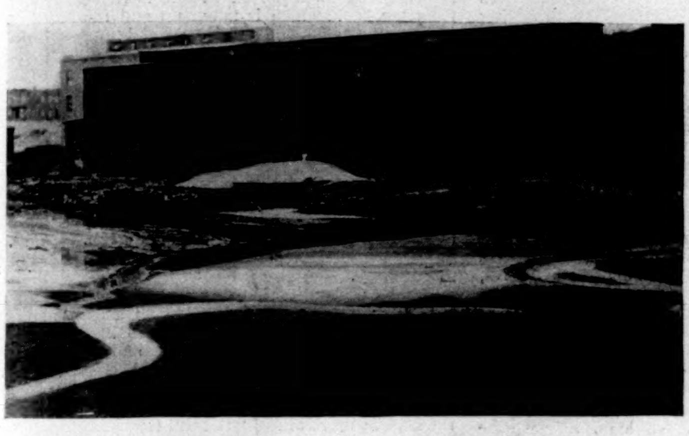


A MODEL LEMON RANCH IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 735.]

1. Lemon Warehouse. 2. Lower Reservoir. 3. Pumping Station. 4. Packing and curing Lemons in the Warehouse. 5. Upper Reservoir. 6. View of Ranch from Upper Reservoir.

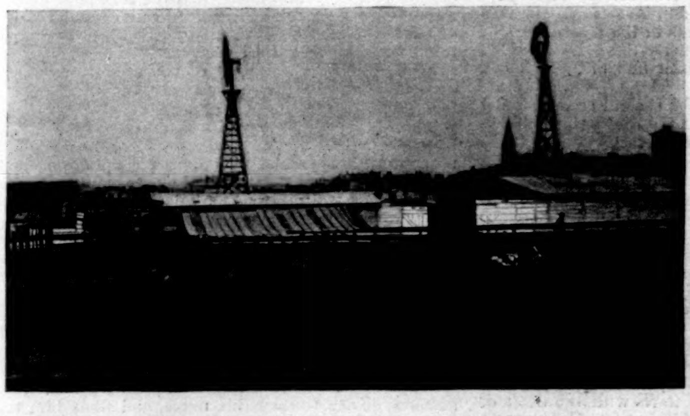
LAUREL HILL CHEMICAL WORKS, ON MAIN TRACK OF LONG ISLAND R.R.

LONG ISLAND RAILROAD'S MANURE PILE, AT THE HEAD OF NEWTOWN CREEK.



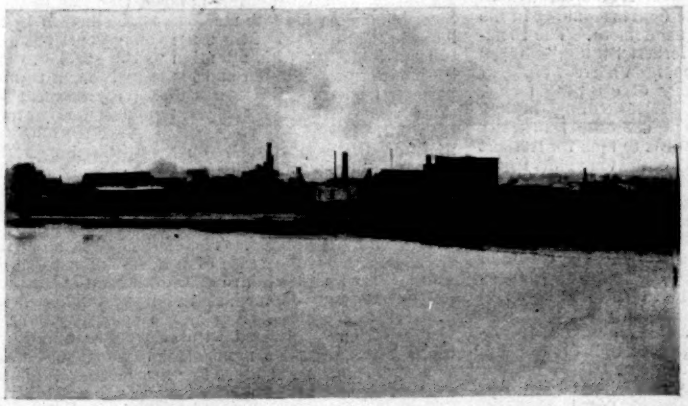
POOL OF GREENISH AND YELLOWISH SCUM IN FRONT OF NICHOLS LAUREL HILL CHEMICAL WORKS, BY LONG ISLAND RAILROAD TRACKS.

LONG ISLAND RAILROAD'S REFUSE DUMP ON NEWTOWN CREEK.

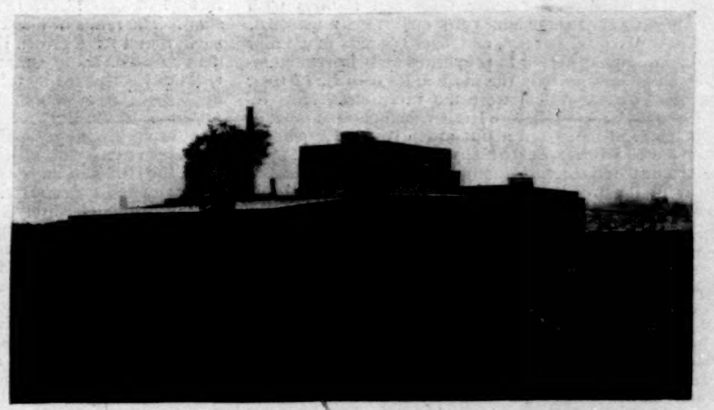


COW-SHEDS AND SWILL-FED COWS AT GREENPOINT.

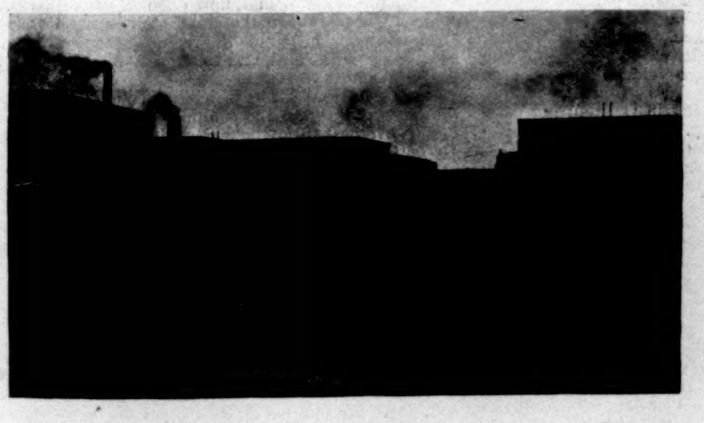
LOW TIDE, NEWTOWN CREEK, OUTSIDE STANDARD OIL WORKS, LOOKING FROM KINGS COUNTY SIDE.



FURMAN ISLAND, SHOWING ACME, BETTER KNOWN AS MEYER'S, FERTILIZER WORKS.



HILDEBRAND'S HOG-BRISTLE FACTORY ON FURMAN ISLAND.



GENERAL STATE OF THE ATMOSPHERE ON NEWTOWN CREEK.

SMOKY EFFECT LOOKING TOWARD HUNTERS POINT FROM BRIDGE AT MEEKER AVENUE.

UNWHOLESOME ENVIRONS OF BROOKLYN—VIEWS ON NEWTOWN CREEK.—From Photographs by Ernest Marx.—[See Page 726.]

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XV.

"GOLD-MEDAL NIGHT."

WITH a step that faltered from nervousness even more than from the weakness due to a diet of one meal per diem, Matt Strang passed across the clangorous court-yard of Burlington House, nigh turned back by the imposing bustle of broughams and cabs, whose shadows were thrown sharply on the stones under the keen frosty starshine of the December night. In the warm lighted hall he shrank back, even more timidly, blinking at the radiance of the company, the white shirt fronts of the men, the dazzling shoulders of the women. Before a counter a block of black figures struggled to get rid of their hats and coats in exchange for numbers; Matt hid his hat, fortunately flexible, in the pocket of his overcoat, which, being the least shabby of his vestments by reason of its summer vacation, he did not dare to take off, otherwise he would not have dared to keep it on. There were spots of discoloration on the concealed garments, for they had suffered from the week's job, which, together with the expectation of this gala night, had kept him alive since he had met Tarmigan in the fog three weeks before. As a house-painter and distemperer Matt had still hovered on the verge of art, and if Buller was right in his interpretation of the Academy of his day, and the highest art was indeed to conceal paint, then was the young Nova-Scotian strictly Academic in retaining his overcoat on this most Academic of occasions. He marched with the courage of desperation up a crimson staircase, keenly conscious of the frayed edges of his trousers and mistily aware of overarching palms and bordering flower-pots and fashionable companions, and surrendered the ticket Tarmigan had given him to a sumptuous official who seemed a part of the ornamental avenue to the Academic salons. Once safely past this point the haze cleared, and he saw to his joy male figures in frock-coats and ladies in hats and jackets, and though he wished these persons had been dowdier, he felt a morsel more at ease. There seemed to be pictures on the walls, and he eagerly joined the sparse groups of spectators that promenaded the rooms, in curious contrast with the crush of the populace the last time he had walked, at the price of a shilling, within these historic walls. The exhibition was curious; in one room dozens of semi-detached heads, some evidently from the same model; in another, cartoons of draped figures; in a third, sculptures. He saw from a placard that they had been done in competition for the prizes that were to be adjudged to-night. He heard scraps of foolish criticism from the people about him, but his commerce with art editors had blunted his once sensitive nerves, and he was only amused. His eyes strayed from the pictures to the spectators, wondering which were celebrities. It occurred to him with a pang of dismay that in the absence of any cicerone he might come away no wiser than he had come, and he remembered with regret the personally conducted tour he had made through the Reynolds Club. Would his uncle be here to-night? he thought, with an apprehensive shrinking. Moving aimlessly about, thinking of the Old Gentleman, his heart leaped to see—not Matthew Strang, but "Daniel before Nebuchadnezzar," and not the "Daniel before Nebuchadnezzar" he knew, but other Daniels and other Nebuchadnezzars, a veritable vision of Daniels and Nebuchadnezzars, a gallery of Daniels and Nebuchadnezzars, perspectives of Daniels and Nebuchadnezzars, stretching away on both sides of the room—young clean-shaven Daniels and old gray-bearded Daniels and middle-aged Daniels with mustaches, Daniels with uplifted arms and Daniels with downcast eyes, Daniels dressed and Daniels undressed, Daniels with flashing faces and Daniels with turned backs; and Nebuchadnezzars analogously assorted, and palaces of equal variety, and backgrounds of similar dissimilarity, each differing in properties and supernumeraries, but all appearing only the more alike because of their differences, so conventional were the variations. Matt divined instantly that the picture Herbert had painted must be among them, and he looked about ardently for the painted palace in which he had spent so many happy hours. Ah! there it was, the dear old canvas—though it had an undreamed-of grandeur in its broad gold frame—there was Daniel and there was "Nebby," more finished than when he had seen them that fatal midsummer day, but essentially unchanged. He was shaken by a resurgence of pleasant memories of artistic discussions and merry lunches, with the bright sunshine streaming down on the skin rugs and the gleaming busts. He became absorbed in the painting, seeing episodes of the past in it like a magician looking into a pool of ink. And then he was pierced to the marrow as by an icy wind; he heard an ecstatic voice ejaculating, "Isn't it beautiful? The dear boy!" in charming foreign accents, and he divined the Vandyck beard hovering haughtily in his rear. He felt the couple had come to see their son's work, and he tried to sidle away unperceived, but an advancing group forced him to turn round, and he found himself eye to eye with madam, whose radiant face of praise was exchanged for one of smiling astonished welcome when she caught sight of him.

"My dear young—" she began, in accents of lively affection. Then Matt saw her face freeze suddenly, and he quailed beneath the glooming eyebrows of her dignified consort, who swept round the other way with the frozen lady on one arm and Herbert on the other, turning three backs to his nephew in a sort of triple insult. The semicircular sweep which veered madam off brought Herbert near, and Matt's heart beat more rapidly as his whilom chum's dress-coat with its silk facings brushed against his tightly buttoned overcoat. The glimpse he had of Herbert's face showed it severe, impassive, and devoid of recognition; but ere the young gentleman had quite swept past he managed to give his homely cousin a droll dig in the ribs, which was as balm in Gilead to the lonely youth, and brought back in a great wave all his fondness for his dashing relative, with whom he now felt himself a co-conspirator in a facetious imbroglio. The last lees of his bitterness were extruded by the dig, he gazed with affectionate admiration after the solemn swallow-tails of his cousin, receding staidly and decorously up the avenue of Daniels, at one or other of which his disengaged hand pointed with no faintest suggestion of droll digs in its immaculate cuff and delicately tapering fingers. Presently there was a marked move in a particular direction, and Matt, joining the current, was floated towards a great room filled with chairs and already half full of gentlefolks. He made instinctively for the rear, but finding himself amid a mob of young fellows in evening dress, he retreated further towards the front, ultimately taking up a position on the last chair of the left extremity of the fourth row from the back, out of view of the incomers streaming through the oaken panels. It was a broad oblong room, with skylights in the handsome ceiling, and large water-colors hanging on the walls. A temporary dais, covered by a crimson baize and ascended by a crimson step, faced the audience, and at its central point stood a reading-desk, lighted from the right by an ornamental lamp. Matt heard whispered comments on the new-comers from his neighbors; now it was a knighted brewer who rolled his corporeal cask into a front seat; now it was a musical conductor, with an air of exile from the central desk. A few painters of eminence with neither handles nor tails to their names dotted art about the audience, while wives and daughters of the academically favored exhaled an aroma of fashion, striving to banish all reminiscences of paint from everything but their complexions; here or there was an actor out of employment, or a strayed nondescript celebrity, and on a plush couch to the right of the platform a popular author chatted noisily with a pretty, vivacious lady journalist; but for the most part the audience consisted of the relatives of the students, like Mr. and Madam Strang, whose anxious faces were clearly visible to Matt in a diagonal direction a few rows ahead. Herbert himself herded with his fellow-students, who had taken exclusive possession of the back rows, where they stood in evening dress, a serried gallery of black-and-white figures, prophesying "all the winners."

A great round of applause from their ranks set everybody peering towards the door, only to encounter the stern gaze of the magnificent beadle whose entry had prompted the salvoes, and who, arrayed in what appeared to be a rich red dressing-gown, showed like a Venetian color-study amid a collection of engravings.

A more general outburst of clapping, accompanied by a buzz of interest, greeted the arrival of the less picturesque "train" of Academicians, headed by the President. The procession, bowing and smiling, defiled slowly towards the dais, especial enthusiasm being reserved for the more popular or the newest Academicians and Associates, the students having a ruling hand or hands in the distribution of the noise. Matt craned forward eagerly to see these pillars of English art. As they only looked like men, he had a spasm of self-confidence.

The President takes his seat on the central chair, flanked and backed by the faithful forty and the trusty thirty minus the absentees. The R.A.'s dispose themselves along the front bench, the A.R.A.'s occupy the rear, a younger set, on the whole, with more hair on their heads and less on their chins. The beadle solemnly slides the oak panels to, cloistering the scene from the world, and a religious silence spreads from him till it infects even the excited back rows. The President rises, bland and stately. There is a roar of welcome, succeeded by a deeper hush. It is seen that he has white papers on his desk, and is about to declare the results of the competitions, and to determine the destiny of dozens, if not the future of English art. There is no vulgar sensationalism. With a simple dignity befitting the venerable, self-sufficient Institution, which still excludes great newspapers—and great painters—from its banquets, he disdains working up to a climax, and starts with the titbit of the evening, "The Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship for £200," awarded every two years for the best painting of a figure subject, the subject this year being "Daniel before Nebuchadnezzar." The President pauses for a breathless instant. The ranks of black-and-white figures standing in the background have grown rigid with excitement. The President imperturbably announces "Herbert Strang." There is a brief pause for mental digestion, then a great crash of applause, the harmonious cacophony of clapping hands, generous lungs, and frenzied feet. Matt, thrilling through and through with joy and excitement, shouting frantically and applauding with all his limbs, turns to look for Herbert amid the students, but sees only rows of heaving shirt fronts and animated black arms. Then he becomes aware of his cousin strolling leisurely along his side of the room, through a mad tempest of cheering, towards the President's desk, a faint smile playing about his beautiful boyish lips, which yet tremble a little. He feels proud of being the cousin of the hero of the moment, whose course he follows with tear-dimmed eyes. He sees him reach the Presidential desk and receive a medal and an envelope from the great man, who shakes hands with him and evidently offers words of congratulation. He follows his passage back to his fellow-students through the undiminished tempest. Then his eye lights suddenly on Matthew Strang's face, and sees great tears rolling down towards the Vandyck beard, while beside him Madam Strang, her face radiating sunshine, her eyes dancing, throws kisses towards the cynosure of all eyes, who, carrying his honors, and studiously avoiding the weakness of a glance in the direction of his parents, ploughs his way amid fraternal back-thumpings to his place among his cronies. There is a rapid exchange of criticism and gossip among the students, ejaculations of commiseration for Flinders, whose friends had convinced him that he would win, and for Rands, a poor devil of talent, the only hope of a desperately genteel family in Dalston; but comment must be hushed, for other prizes, some of them important enough, have to be announced.

There is a steady succession of individual students, more or less blushing, moving to and from the President's congratulatory hand, some stumbling nervously against the crimson step, placed in front of his desk, probably by the beadle, to disconcert the shy. Some fortunate prize-winners come up three times, and stumble three times. Sometimes they are girls. One wears spectacles and a yellow sash, and has the curved back of the student; another is pretty and petite, and causes a furor by her multiplex successes and her engaging charm; a third is handsome but gawky, with bare red arms. A young man, who wins two events, attracts special attention by his poetical head and his rapt air of mystic exaltation, and goes back winking. Then the President commences his annual address to an audience of students throbbing with excitement, afire with the afterglow of all that applause, anxious to canvass the awards, and dying to run out into the other rooms to look at the winning pictures, which have in some instances been dark horses which nobody remembers to have noticed. His theme is the evolution of ecclesiastical art. For half an hour the audience, always with the exception of the students he is addressing, listens patiently to the procession of ornate periods, classically chiselled, hoping to emerge from the dulness and gloom of obscure epochs into the light of familiar names. Then the seats begin to feel hard. By the aid of copious shufflings, wrigglings, and whisperings they drag through another bad quarter of an hour, relieved only by the mention of Albrecht Dürer, whose name is unaccountably received with rapturous cheers as if he were a political allusion. The next quarter of an hour is lightened by the feeling that it is to be the last. But as the second hour arrives without a harbinger sentence, three brave men arise and pass through the beadle-guarded portal. There is tremendous cheering from the back, which is taken up and re-echoed from all parts of the room, and the President beams and turns over a new page. The seats become granite; the Presidential eloquence flows on as if it could wear them away, an endlessly trickling stream. He enters into elaborate analyses of vanished frescoes, painted in churches long since swept away, and propounds punctilious appreciation of artists and architects known only to biographical dictionaries. Some have fancy without imagination, some imagination without fancy, a few both fancy and imagination, and the rest neither imagination nor fancy. The stream strewn with dead names flows on slow and stately, with never a playful eddy, and another man, greatly daring, fortified by the example of his gallant predecessors, steals from the room, and blushes to find it fame.

Amid the plaudits that ring around this brave deed Matt suddenly finds Herbert at his side. His cousin slips a note into his hand, and retreats hastily to his place. Excited and glad of the relief, he opens it and reads: "Meet me outside after this rot is over. Don't let the Old Gentleman see you." Matt smiles, proud and happy to resume his old relations with the hero of the evening, and pleased to find the ancient password of "the Old Gentleman" supplementing the droll dig in the ribs in resetting their camaraderie on its ancient footing. In his eagerness to talk to Herbert again and to congratulate him personally, the Presidential oration seems to him duller and the seat more adamantine than ever. He strains his ears to catch instead the babble of the students, who have finally given up any pretence of interest in mediæval Flemish cathedrals. His eye, long since satiate with the sight of the celebrities, roves again over the faces of the Academicians on their platform in their manful striving to appear deeply absorbed. He watches the popular novelist gossiping with the vivacious lady journalist. He examines for the eighth time the water-colors on the walls, which, he gathers from one of the many conversations going on in his neighborhood, are the work of competitors for the Turner prize. He sees that the hard-worked newspaper artist in the row in front of him has given up sketching and gone to sleep, despairing of escape. The pangs of his own stomach keep him awake; he looks forward wistfully towards the hour of release, resolved to treat himself to twopenny worth of supper in honor of Herbert's triumph. But the interminable voice goes on, discoursing learnedly and elegantly of apses and groins and gargoyles. The wrigglings have ceased. All around, but especially in the quiet front rows under the Presidential eye, apathetic, listless beings droop on their chairs. Matt steals a glance towards his uncle, and finds him the only member of the crowd genuinely alert and interested, his head perked up, his eyes gazing admiringly towards the rostrum, where perchance in imagination he already sees his son carrying on the time-honored tradition of the great Sir Joshua. At his side madam sustains herself by furtive looks in the direction of the same young gentleman.

Then Matt turns his attention to the speaker, watching his mouth open and shut and his shapely hand turning the perpetual pages. He expects that every moment will be the orator's last. But the great man is just warming to his work. His silvery voice, rising above the buzz and the murmur, dilates unctuously on the spiritual aspirations of uncouthly christened architects, who had mouldered in their graves long centuries before his Gracious Majesty George III., patron of Arts and Letters, gave the Academy house-room. After an hour and a half he launches lightly into a treatise on glass-staining. The audience has now given up all hope. It has the sense of condemnation to an earthly inferno, in which the suave voice of a fiend of torture, himself everlastingly damned, shall forever amble on, unwinding endless erudition. A reference to "my young architectural friends," greeted with suspicious thunders by all the students, affords a momentary break in the monotony. The end comes suddenly, after a "Lastly" forgotten ten minutes ago. There is a brief interval of incredulity. People awakened by the silence look up sleepily. Yes, there is no doubt. The President is actually down. Then a great roar of joy bursts out from all sides. The back benches go delirious. And then the meeting dissolves in a stampede towards the oaken panels, now open in three places. The company swarm down the grand staircase and besiege the cloak-rooms; some parade the rooms to inspect the winning pictures, now ticketed, and to express their surprise at the judges' decisions.

Outside in the cold air, which immediately began to make him sneeze, through the compulsory imprudence of wearing his overcoat throughout, Matt lurked about, looking for Herbert, and at last the hero appeared, carefully muffled and wrapped up, and murmuring, "Wasn't it awful? Wait by the Arcade till my people's cab rolls off," dashed back. When he reappeared, smiling sunnily, he explained that he had told his people he must show up at the Students' Club in order not to appear snobbish. "I've been slobbered over enough," he added, whimsically flicking the traces of an imaginary maternal kiss off his fresh smooth cheek.

"Oh, but I don't wonder your people are delighted," said Matt. "I know I am. I haven't congratulated you yet." And he shook his cousin's hand heartily.

"Thank you, old fellow; it's very good of you. Oh, by-the-way, don't mention to anybody I let you see the picture on the easel, will you? One is supposed to keep it to one's self, don't you know. That's why I didn't tell you I was doing it for the Gold Medal."

"Oh, whom should I mention it to?" asked Matt, reassuringly.

"That's a good chap. You see, if it got out that I talked

*Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

"THEN MATT SAW HER FACE FREEZE SUDDENLY, AND HE QUAILED BENEATH THE GLOOMING EYEBROWS OF HER DIGNIFIED CONSORT."

it over with you, there might be a bother, people are so jealous, especially now that it has won."

"Oh, I sha'n't tell a soul, you may depend," said Matt. "It was very good of you to let me come so often and chat about it; and even if I did save you a little trouble in working out the perspective, I learnt a great deal about composition from you."

"Don't mention it," said Herbert.

"Oh, I won't," said Matt, gravely.

Whereat Herbert laughed, and replied: "Now *you* must do an Academy picture, old fellow. There's three months' time yet."

"Would there be any chance of my getting in?" asked Matt, wistfully. He had been fluttered by the applause of the evening. It seemed impossibly grand to be the centre of an admiring fashionable assemblage instead of a shabby alien hovering on its outside rim. In such company the colossal self-confidence of his solitary exaltations dwindled to a pitiful sense of his real insignificance.

"Rather," replied Herbert. "Why, I thank my stars you weren't a competitor. I should never have got the medal if you had been."

Matt shook his head deprecatingly, but Herbert rattled on with increasing enthusiasm:

"Wouldn't it be jolly if you got a picture in, and it was hung on the line next to mine! Now that I've taught you composition, and educated you up to the Academy's ideas, you could easily do something that would take the old buffers' fancy, and then, once you were in the Academy, the Old Gentleman would take up your work and run you."

"I don't think they'd take what I wanted to do."

"Oh, but you mustn't want to do it," said Herbert. "At least, not till you can afford it. Besides, I'm not so sure that there isn't something in the Academy's ideas after all. Candidly, I don't quite see how Daniel and Nebuchadnezzar could have been treated any better."

"I don't want to treat them at all," said Matt.

"Well, anyway, do something, you old duffer; you don't want to go grubbing along on ten bob a week, or was it tenpence a day? I forget. Promise me to do a picture for the next show, or I sha'n't feel easy in my mind about you."

"I promise," Matt murmured.

"That's right," said Herbert, considerably relieved. He went on heartily: "The Academy is the stepping-stone. It's no good kicking it out of the way. Put a picture in the Academy, by fair means if thou canst, but—put a picture in the Academy. Why, even if you *will* do new-fangled stuff, you can always get in if you make the picture a certain queer size—just to fit an awkward corner—I forget the exact measurements, but the Old Gentleman knows; he took care to find out in case I couldn't get in legitimately. I'll make a point of asking him. Poor old governor! I don't suppose he'll sleep to-night. Why, he was quite blubbery when the cab drove off. Do you know, there's a certain pathos about the Old Gentleman."

"He's been very good to you," said Matt.

"Well—and now he is happy. Virtue rewarded. The cream of the joke is that now I've got to go abroad in spite of him—Travelling Studentship, you see—and he can't possibly chuck business for a year to come with me."

"Was the money in that envelope?" Matt asked.

"Only the first quarterly instalment. What a shame I can't pay you out of that! Only I must study abroad with the money; it wouldn't be honest to use it for any other purpose, would it?"

"Don't talk of it," said Matt, with a little shudder.

"Oh, don't be so shocked! You look as if I had already misappropriated it. I can't tell you how glad I was to see your dear old phiz to-night. What have you been doing with yourself? I often wondered why you didn't look me up at the Club. By-the-way, here we are at the Club—"

"Here?" echoed Matt, interrogatively. They had been walking automatically as they conversed, and had come to a standstill before a blank, cheerless building in a turning off Regent Street.

"Yes, this is the shanty. Not *my* club, you duffer. This is only the students' little ken. I told my people the truth, you know. It would be snobbish not to drop in to-night—they make rather a night of it—though I hadn't intended to go otherwise. Hang it all, I had an appointment to sup with a girl at half past ten. I forgot all about her; she'll be mad." He took out his watch. "Ten past eleven! Why, ecclesiastical art must have evolved till close on eleven! It isn't my fault, anyhow. Do you mind trotting round to the Imperial? She's in the first ballet. We'd better have a hansom."

The young men drove round to the stage-door, but the fair one had departed after a few impatient instants. "I think I heard her tell the cabby Rule's," was the six-pennyworth of information obtained from the janitor.

"Let's go there," said Matt, who was now quite faint with hunger, and who had an unheroic lurking wish that Herbert would stand a supper—one of the olden heroic suppers that he had not tasted for half a year—a wild riot of a supper, with real meat and wholesome vegetables and goodly sauces, nay, even red wine, and a crowning cup of coffee, made of real beans, not the charred crust of over-baked loaves, out of which he had been making his own lately, getting the burnt bread cheaper by a double economy; a supper fit for well-fed gods, which a starving man having eaten might be well content to die. But Herbert, unaware of what was going on in Matt's inner man, replied, cruelly: "No; it's too late to look for her at the restaurant. I know her address, but she won't be there yet. Besides, I ought to show up at the Club."

So they strolled back to the bleak building (Matt suddenly bethinking himself that even here supper might lie in wait), and passing through a dark hall, mounted a stone corkscrew staircase that led to a hubbub of voices and a piano jingling music-hall tunes. The doorway of the first room was congested by black backs over-circled with clouds of smoke. Herbert and Matt peered in unseen for a few moments. The little room, decorated only by a few sketches from the hands of members, was crowded with young men in evening dress, sitting around on chairs or knees or coal-scuttles, with glasses in their hands and cigars in their mouths, and new men were squeezing in from the inner room, the advent of each being greeted by facetious cheers. Plaudits more genuine in their ring welcomed Flinders, who, it was understood, had been in the final running. He came in, trying to make his naturally long face look short, and exclaiming, with punctilious carelessness, "Where's my whiskey?" Rands, who, it was whispered, had lost by only a few votes, was not present; he had apparently gone home to the heart-broken gentility at Dalston. Matt caught sight of Cornpepper on the right of the doorway, and his heart rejoiced as at the sight of a laid supper. The little painter was grasping the middle of his chair with his most owl-like expression. His single eye-glass glittered in the gas-light.

"Strang's not in it with you," he was saying to Flinders. "There's no style in his technique. It might have been done by an R.A."

"They do say the result would have been very different if more R.A.'s had come down," said the semi-consoled Flinders, somewhat illogically. "But Barbauld had the gout, and Platt is in Morocco, and—"

At this point shouts of "Strang" made the cousins start. But it was only the playfulness of the room greeting a new-comer as the victor. The youth acquiesced humorously in the situation, slouching round the room with a comical shuffle and a bow to each chair. Then a man got up and began a burlesque lecture on ecclesiastical art, "to my young architectural friends." Every reference to apses, groins, or gargoyles was received with yells of delight, a demoniac shriek being reserved for Albrecht Dürer.

"I'm awfully glad I escaped it," said a youth in front of Matt. "I got there five minutes late, and the man wouldn't let me in. At least he said, 'I'm not supposed to let you in after nine fifteen.' But I didn't take the tip—or give it."

In the middle of the address on art, Greme, coming up the staircase in the wake of a student friend, perceived Herbert, and pushed him boisterously into the room, which straightway became a pandemonium, the pianist banging "See the Conquering Hero comes," the boys stamping, singing, huzzahing, and shouting "Cigars!" "Drinks!" "Strang!"

Herbert beamingly ordered boxes of Havanas and "sodas and whiskeys," and soon Matt, still in his overcoat, found himself drinking and smoking and shouting with the rest, exalted by the whiskey into forgetfulness of his clothes and his fortunes, and partaking in all the rollicking humors of the evening, in all the devil-may-care gayety of the eternal undergraduate roaring with his boon companions over the improper stories of the ascetic-looking young man, bawling street choruses, dancing madly in grotesque congested waltzes, wherein he had the felicity of securing Cornpepper for a partner, and distinguishing himself in high-kicking *pas de seul*, not departing till the final "Auld Lang-Syne" had been sung with joined hands in a wildly whirling ring. Herbert had left some time before.

"Good-night, Matt; I want to get away. I don't often get such an excuse for being out late. There's no need for you to go yet, you lucky beggar," he whispered, confidentially, as he sallied forth, radiantly sober, weaving joyous dreams of his Travelling Studentship future.

When the party broke up in the small hours, Matt Strang, saturated with whiskey and empty of victual, staggered along the frosty pavements, singing to the stars, that reeled round, blinking and winking like the buttons on Herbert's boots.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MODEL STATE CAMP.

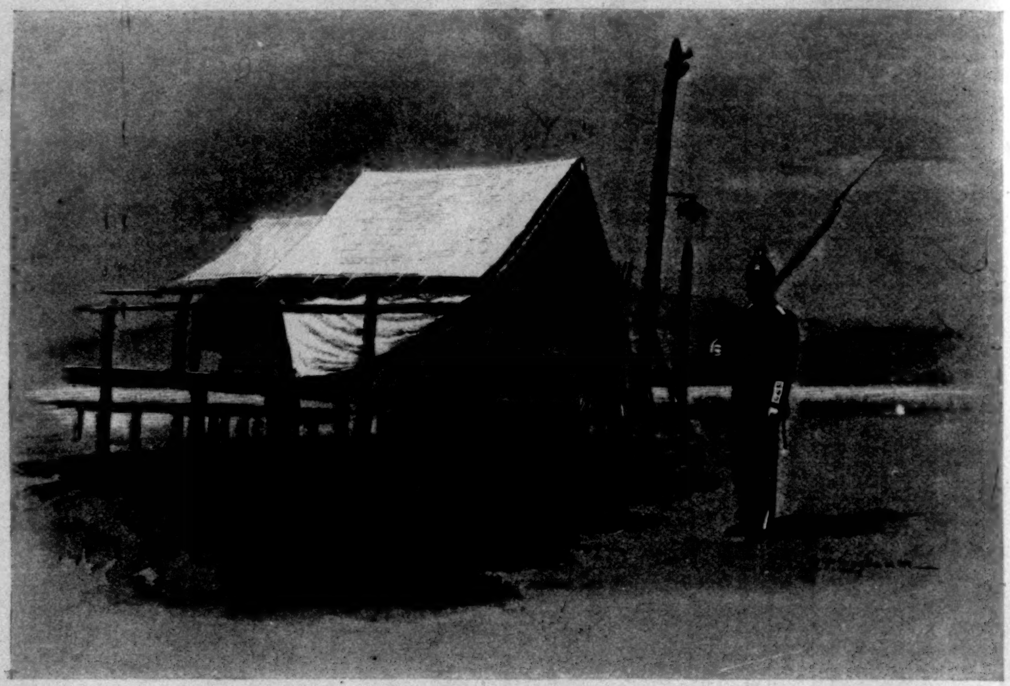
BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

MANY of my readers will remember the old "militia days" when as school-boys they gazed in wide-eyed wonder and delight at the serried ranks of the "City Blues" or the "Hopkinson Lifeguards" as they marched proudly through the streets of the city, gorgeous in white and blue, scarlet, gold, and silver. In those times the main end and object seemed to be for each organization to make the most magnificent show, to keep the straightest ranks, to display the handsomest uniforms, and at the end of the day's parade to hold a grand jollification. Still, many of these "fancy" companies, both North and South, marched bravely to the front at the call of the President or of their States, and, wholly unprepared and uninstructed in war's dread work, faced one another on the field of battle. Then came the period after the civil war, when, tired and worn out by the long and bloody struggle, the military spirit of the country lay almost dormant, and any attempts at reorganization or improvement of the militia lacked public sympathy and interest. But with the growth of the country, the enormous access to its population by the hordes of foreign immigration, the great labor strikes, accompanied so often by violence and rebellion against the constituted authorities, the need of a military force, trained and equipped to maintain the majesty of the law, became apparent.

The great State of New York, as befitted her rank among her sister commonwealths, and profiting by the experiences of the railway riots of 1877, was among the first to undertake the placing of her militia forces on a basis of efficiency, and to hold the troops in preparation for the sterner duties of the soldier. The establishment some years ago of the State Camp at Peekskill has proved the main factor in the surprising improvement in soldierly qualities and the high state of discipline which are now characteristic of the National Guard of the State. It would be hard indeed to find a more picturesque site or one better adapted for the purpose than the plateau on which the camp is pitched. Situated right at the entrance to the gorge of the Hudson Highlands, on a flat-topped promontory jutting out from the high hills surrounding it on three sides, the canvas of the tents, creamy white in the bright sunshine, gleams in contrast with the dark verdure beyond, while, stretching in lakelike expanse to the heights on the opposite shore, the broad river curves, disappearing around the rocky bluffs to the north. On two sides smooth parades stretch to the edge of the grassy plain—ideal drill-grounds for any branch of the service, horse, foot, or dragoons; and the surrounding country, wooded and hilly, crossed by winding roads and dotted with clearings, offers opportunities for manœuvres and exercises in minor tactics.

Hard work is done at the camp; there is but little leisure, and the militiaman's time is fully occupied. At five o'clock, with the boom of the morning gun and the sonorous rolling of the drums beating reveille, the camp wakens to the work of the day, and the long streets of tents swarm with men, as at the call for assembly the companies spring into ranks, and the monotonous tones of the sergeants' voices are heard calling the roll. Then, as the ranks are broken, the reports are made, and the soldiers scatter to make the rough camp toilet and prepare for the morning drill soon to follow. At 7.30 the drums over at the guard-tent rattle "Pease upon a trencher," and the companies swing off with measured tread to breakfast in the mess-hall, from which they return to police the quarters and place everything in order for the daily recurring inspection. All over the camp the men are busy as bees, sweeping, rolling up tent walls, making up the beds, removing rubbish, scouring cups and basins, raising tent floors, and placing everything in apple-pie order. Glance into one of the tents as we pass down the company street; the front is open, the walls rolled up, the tent floor without a speck of dust on it, and the street in front swept clean even of a wisp of straw. Note the rolled mattresses on the cots topped with the neatly folded blankets, on which the helmets rest, their brass ornaments shining like burnished gold; while the buckets, empty and clean, upside down, tin cups alongside, wash-basins on top, run in a long uniform row up and down both sides of the company street.

Meanwhile the music of the band on the parade, where the guard is mounting, swells melodiously out on the morning air, soon succeeded by the harsher notes of the field music, as the newly formed guard marches off the field towards the guard-tent. Then once more comes the peremptory summons to assembly, and the battalions form for a two hours' hard drill on the plains on either side of the camp. Out in the bright sunshine the blue-coated columns are marching across the field, the burnished barrels of the rifles glittering and flashing through the clouds of dust, while blare of bugle and sharp word of command rise above the steady swish! swish! of hundreds of feet moving in rhythmic tread through the short dry grass as the battalion forms for attack. Over and over again the manœuvres are repeated. Now long lines of skirmishers move towards the wooded heights, halt, kneel, or lie down and deliver their fire, the supports hurrying forward to re-enforce, and the rifles rattle and flash, sending out puffs of blue vapor, which curl through the grass, almost hiding the combatants from view. As the forward movement continues, the strength of the firing line constantly increasing, volley after volley leaps out, until the charge is sounded, and, with bayonets fixed and loud ringing cheer, the battalion advances at the run. Then comes the quick, hurried rally, and once again the vicious simultaneous crash of hundreds of rifles as the companies pour out their volleys at the retreating enemy.

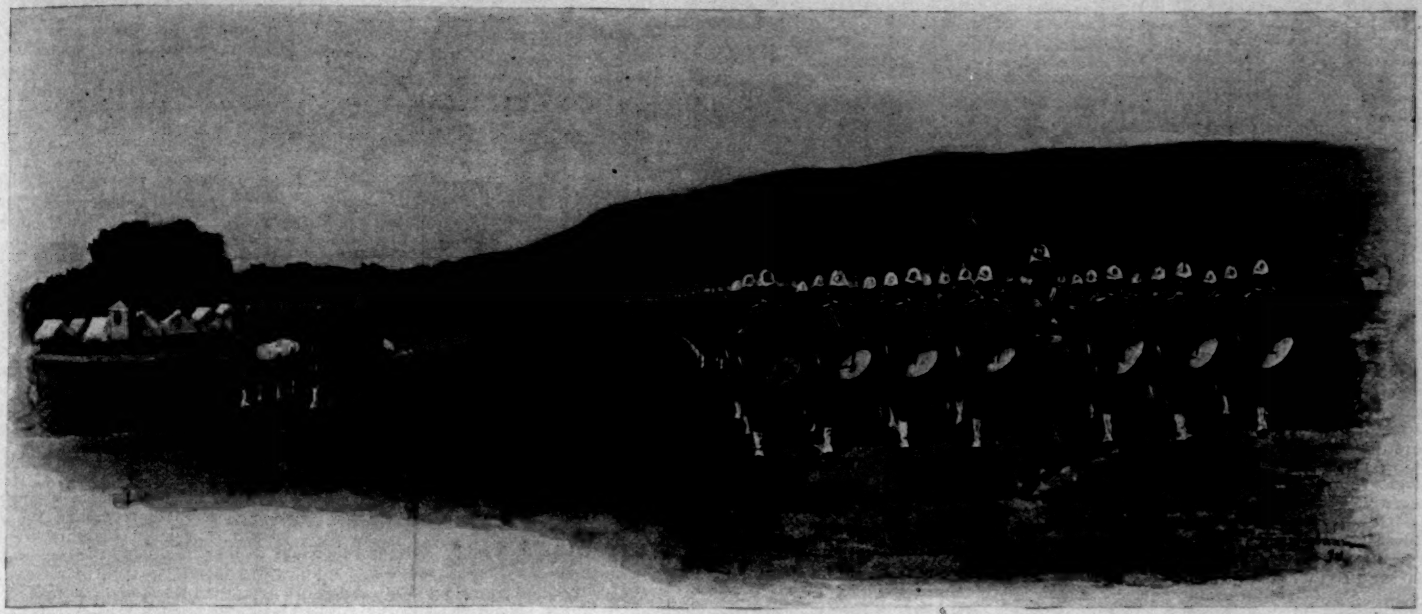


THE OUTPOST.

While the noise and bustle of the drill on the plain attract the spectator, good work is being done by a handful of earnest men scattered in squads on the mountain-tops for miles around the camp. The signal corps is practising with flag and heliograph, and, less conspicuous than their brethren of the infantry and cavalry, they form a corps of troops of the highest efficiency and importance. All are men of intelligence and education—telegraphers, engineers, etc., many of them—and they perform their fatiguing and apparently never-ending duties cheerfully and with enthusiasm, and are a credit to themselves and the National Guard.

At times—towards the end of the week, and the tour of duty at the camp is nearly over—the troops undertake practice marches and exercises in minor tactics in the face of an imaginary enemy in the surrounding country, and the prin-

A DRILL IN EXTENDED ORDER AT THE CAMP OF INSTRUCTION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.



THE ARRIVING REGIMENT.

ciples of the daily drills on the plain are practically demonstrated.

Then it is that the citizen soldier begins to appreciate the reason for the constant practice of company and battalion drill, and with ready intelligence and quick adaptability he soon learns the why and wherefore of movements which may have seemed to him but a monotonous repetition of the same thing drill-night after drill-night in the armory during the winter season. I could not help but admire—notably in the case of some of the so-called "separate" companies of infantry, and that excellent body of horse, Troop A—the readiness with which the men acquired certain "old-soldier" tricks, even in that short service in camp and in the field. I doubt very much whether many of them gave the subject much thought, but the way in which they seemed to realize that drill, as practised in the armories, is but the

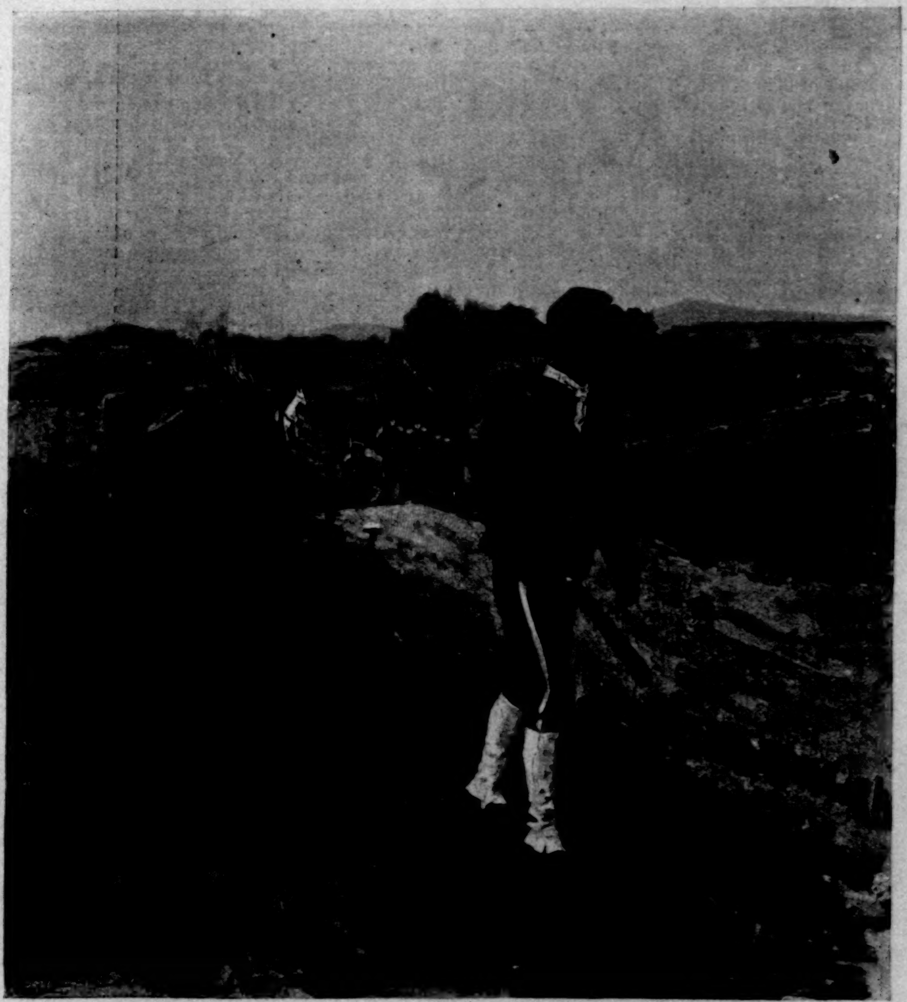
INFANTRYMAN WITH THE NEW "MERRIAM PACK."

A B C of the soldier's trade, and made to be adapted to circumstances where the object to be attained by certain movements is of more importance than little matters of detail in the manner of carrying out the manœuvre, gave me a very favorable impression of what the conduct of such troops would be if actually in the field and confronting an enemy.

It may not be inappropriate right here to refer to a difference in the system of instruction in vogue in the New York camp from that of some of the other States, notably the State of Pennsylvania. Here it is held that in the short time which the citizen soldier can reasonably be expected to devote to his military duties, it is of more importance to accustom him to the strict rules of military discipline, the passive obedience to the orders of his superiors, the duties of guards and sentinels, the various drills and routine of garrison life, combined with such exercises and field manœuvres as may be considered advisable, rather than to the hundred and one ways and means of maintaining himself in the field, which occupy so much time and attention in other State camps. In such matters experience is the only effective teacher, and owing to the high order of intelligence which distinguishes the members of the National Guard, they will readily adapt themselves to any conditions of field service.

Promptly at 11.30 recall from drill is sounded, the troops are marched to their quarters, dismissed, and in the hour intervening before dinner the soldiers take advantage of the respite to remove the dust and grime of the hot forenoon's work. Some, towels in hand, go trooping off to the bath-house, where numerous shower-baths are in readiness to give refreshment to heated and tired frames; others crowd around the water-butts at the heads of the company streets. Ice is in great demand, and the sound of the shaker is heard within the walls of many of the canvas houses. By this it is not meant to convey the impression that regulation 625, providing that "no ale, beer, wines, or spirituous liquors will be used in camp" is ever violated, for there are many refreshing compounds in the making of which the shaker, ice, lemons, etc., come into play, which are absolutely innocent of anything objectionable even to the most exacting and sternest of prohibitionists.

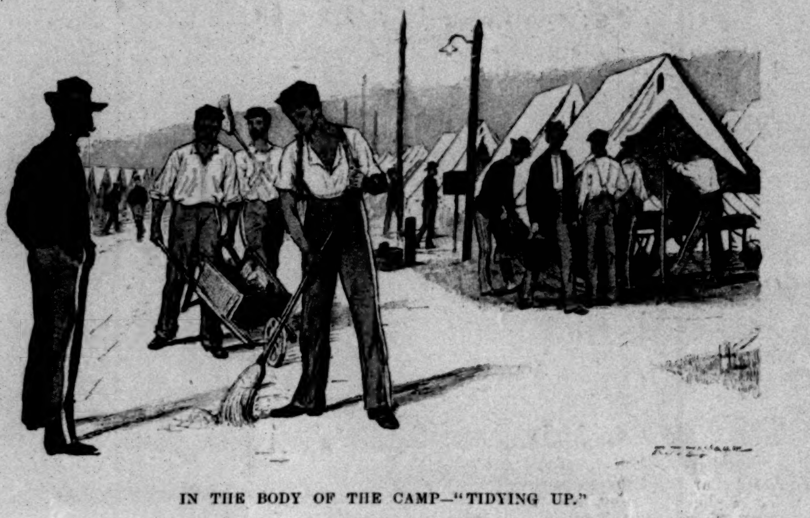
From dinner until the call for parade, half an hour or so before sunset, there is little doing about the camp that is apparent to the casual visitor. Most of the men are off duty, and may pass the time pretty much as they please, although schools for commissioned and non-commissioned officers are in session, where theoretical instruction on various subjects is given to them, often by such officers of the army as may be on duty with the troops. Evening parade is to most visitors the event of the day. Carriages drive in from the country places about, and the boatmen at the ferry from Peekskill bring loads of pretty women and their escorts to enjoy the martial picture. Promptly at adjutant's call the battalions form, and with music sounding and all the "pomp and circumstance of war," the glittering masses of soldiery render ceremonious honor to the departing day, as with the roar of the sunset gun the great flags—national and State—float majestically down the tall white flag-staffs. Then, keeping time with the stirring strains of the band, the command passes in review, company after company in martial array swings all around the broad parade-ground, breaking from the column and disappearing into the body of the camp at the entrances to the respective company streets. The evening shadows gather, the mountains loom purple against the flush in the sky, the electric lights on the tall poles gleam out, and the camp settles down to the enjoyment of the evening after the really hard work of the day. As night comes on there is a band concert in front of the commanding officer's big tent, and the broad main street is crowded with soldiery. Lights are burning in many of the tents, songs and laughter mingle with the hum of voices, until the roll of the drums at tattoo brings the loungers to their tents, and the camp gradually sinks to rest. The notes



IN ADVANCE—MINOR TACTICS.

of taps float out sweet and sad on the night air, the last glimmering light in the men's tents gives up its life, and soon all is silence, save for the occasional sharp challenge of a sentry and the distant pant of a locomotive from the railway on the river's bank.

Great importance is attached to the instruction of the troops in the various duties of the guard, and officers are specially detailed for duty at the camp, who are in control, and have entire charge of such instruction, and much of the discipline already noted as characteristic of the National Guard of New York is undoubtedly due to the thorough and intelligent instruction and practical experience in guard and sentry duty at this post. I do not think I have ever seen more vigilant and alert sentries, or men with a more intelligent conception of their duties, and, what is more, an ability to make themselves respected as sentries—a sure indication of a very satisfactory state of subordination on the part of the soldiers at large. In the course of this article I have several times spoken of the good discipline of the New York militia. There may be, and probably are, individuals and individual organizations in the guard which do not come up to the standard of military discipline, but as time passes, and with the recurrence of the experience of a tour of duty at the State Camp, the improvement has been so manifest that these exceptions promise to become more and more rare. To the wise and tactful administration of Major-General Josiah Porter—a born soldier, experienced in active service in the field during the civil war—and to the officers associated with him at camp headquarters, the efficiency of the New York National Guard is largely due, and her troops may well serve as models for those of many of the other States; for that in some parts of the country militia has only



IN THE BODY OF THE CAMP—"TIDYING UP."

recently—to the everlasting shame of such troops, be it said—proved itself unworthy of public confidence is a sad fact. The best of volunteer troops—as such exist in militia organizations in time of peace—cannot hope to be the equals in efficiency of the best regular soldiers, but there could not have been a better object-lesson as to what may be done with citizen soldiers than the two battalions of infantry, composed of "separate" companies from different parts of the State, which were stationed at the camp at the opening of the season. "You never saw better *fighting* material than *that!*" said Lieutenant Hardin, Seventh United States Infantry, to me one day, during an exercise in minor tactics, as the dust-enveloped column swept sturdily past us. That was the professional point of view, pure and simple; and Hardin ought to know, for a better infantryman it would be hard to find, or an officer who, for a "regular," is more in touch with the National Guard.

What I believe to be a mistaken public policy, supported by careless and ignorant public opinion, has failed to maintain a regular force of sufficient strength for the needs of the nation. Treason and rebellion have but just now run riot through whole communities in parts of the land, where weak and vacillating—and, worse yet, sympathetic—civil officials dared not call on the military forces until the supreme power of the nation showed its might. All the country now knows of the service of the army in this time that tried men's souls, and how peace and order followed in the rear of the sombre blue columns, and how once again the army, small as it is, gave proof of its high courage, fidelity, and splendid discipline, demonstrating the value of well-trained and thoroughly reliable troops. Professional soldiers recognize the fact that there is a large body of their fellow-citizens eager and willing to submit themselves to the restraints of military discipline, temporarily at least, out of a sincere interest in and latent love for the profession of arms, and that a force made up of such men, well organized and equipped, would prove a valuable reserve and support to the regular army in time of public danger at home or from abroad. New York possesses such a force. That, when the time comes, her National Guard will prove itself worthy of her confidence none with the slightest appreciation of the high military spirit that pervades its ranks will doubt for an instant.

THE GROVELLING OF JINNY TRIMBLE.

A Story of Jim-Ned Creek.

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

MRS. TRIMBLE paused half-way down the cotton row and looked over toward the house, where Joe sat on the rickety porch. He was playing a hymn tune. His blond head was laid lovingly against the neck of his fiddle, his eyes were closed, and a beatific smile hovered about his handsome mouth. He accompanied the droning notes with a steady pat of his foot on the floor, and an occasional mellow burst of song.

"Joe Trimble shore can make the fiddle *talk!*" exclaimed his wife, admiringly. "Git up from there, Lodelia!" she added, with sudden sharpness, to a tow-headed little girl in the adjacent row, who had slipped the half-filled cotton-sack from her neck and was squatted upon it. "Git up from there this minit! An' don't you, ner Little Joe, dassen to stop tell them las' rows is picked—ner Randy nuther! It's nigh about sundown, an' yo' pappy 'll be plumb outdone waitin' fer his supper."

Thus admonished, the children went sullenly to work, the four-year-old Randy snuffling audibly, and she herself with an involuntary sigh of weariness stooped again over the stunted stalks.

The straggling cotton-patch was all but clean—a few down-hanging bolls only showing here and there along the outer rows. The year's crop—flocculent, snow-white—was heaped in a couple of big rail-pens behind the smoke-house, protected by a few planks from the heavy night dews and the rare October rains.

When Mrs. Trimble, with the last bulging sackful on her shoulder, hurried past the porch, Mr. Trimble looked up. "Hi, oh, Jinny!" he cried, affectionately. "I knowed in reason you'd git done ter-day. I'll haul ter the gin fust thing ter-morrer. By jing! th' ain't no sech crap this year up *ner* down Jim-Ned. Fo' bales ef it's a poun'!" And with an air of triumph he struck anew into "Amazing grace."

Mrs. Trimble fetched in wood, made a fire in the open fireplace, and set about getting supper, while Lodelia milked the cow, with Little Joe to hold off the calf.

"Triflin'," his neighbors along Jim-Ned Creek were used without scruple to call Joe Trimble. The air of dilapidation about his small farm more than justified the epithet. The rail fences were rotting visibly; the lop-sided shed, which served at once as barn and stable, threatened to succumb to the breath of the first genuine norther; the cow-pen gate was propped upon a broken hoe-handle; the one-roomed cabin itself, with its ill-built chimney and sagging roof, was, as Mrs. Newt Pinson said over her snuff-bottle to Granny Carnes: "A plumb sight. An' Jinny Trimble is fair druv ter keep Joe hisself fum drappin' ter pieces. Cert'n'y ef she wa'n't so po'-sperrited she wouldn't stand it—*ner* him."

But Jinny had stood both with apparent equanimity for a matter of ten years or thereabouts. She might, indeed, be said to share in the general demoralization going on around her. Time was when the pretty, saucy, jimp coquette had, in Jim-Ned vernacular, "kicked" every marriageable young man in the county for the sake of Joe Trimble's blue eyes and wheedling ways, be it understood. Now the wifely drudge—thin, sallow-faced, hollow-eyed—had hardly spunk enough left to borrow a pair of quilting-frames. As to the cooking, washing, and ironing, the wood-chopping and water-drawing, tending the ash-hopper and the cattle, grinding the coffee and the axe—all this was as much a matter of course as taking care of the successive babies and making soft soap. So, for aught known to the contrary, was the rougher farm-work, which yearly fell more and more to her hand, while her lazy, good-looking lord rode about the country swapping stories and drinks across his neighbors' gates, or sat on his own porch playing the fiddle.

"It's *ez* much," said Mrs. Pinson, in a mighty pucker about Jinny, "ef Joe Trimble hez picked fo' poun's out'n them fo' bales he's braggin' 'bout. It's scan'lous! But Jinny hez lost her backbone!"

Mrs. Trimble at that moment was putting the supper on the table, and as the aromatic smell of coffee and bacon greeted her husband's nostrils, he hastened to hang up his fiddle and fall to.

"Jinny, honey," he said, leaning back in his chair when he had finished, "I wisht you'd go out ter the lot an' shake down some feed for them steers."

On a crisp November morning ten days later Mr. Trimble took a boisterously affectionate leave of his family and started with his cotton, ginned and baled, for the nearest market-town, something like a hundred miles distant.

"Don't werry concernin' the childern's Chris'mus, Jinny," he called, gayly, over his shoulder, as he tucked his fiddle into the feed-trough and picked up the long whip; "I'm goin' ter fetch back truck fum Waco ez 'll make yo' eyes bug out'n yo' head—loaf-sugar an' bear-grease an' pep'mint an' sech. I ain't fergittin' yo' silk dress nuther, honey, ner yo' side-combs."

The children raced after him down the hard road. Mrs. Trimble with reddened eyes watched the brand-new unpaid-for wagon until it disappeared in a mesquit thicket beyond the field. It was drawn by two fine yoke of oxen—great, wide-horned brutes that she had herself raised from calves; the four trim, compact bales were piled upon it; a skillet and coffee-pot swung beneath the hinder axle. Mr. Trimble walked beside the team cracking his whip. Spot, the lean old hound, trotted at his master's heels.

"Th' ain't a laklier man ner a better fiddler on Jim-Ned," murmured the little woman; "ner a studdier church-member—ef he *do* sometime take a leetle drap too much!"

Anticipation ran high in the Trimble household as the days drifted by and the time drew near for the return of its lawful head. Marvellous stories of past Christmases kept Little Joe and Randy awake o' nights; up betimes o' mornings, they perched the livelong day on the fence, their bare red feet tucked under them, their eyes fixed eagerly on the turn of the road, impatient for the first glimpse of Morg's and Mike's well-known, widespread, shining horns. Lodelia ran back and forth frantically, her small soul fairly rent in twain betwixt continual false alarms without-doors and maternal reprimand within. Mrs. Trimble's own excitement was overlaid by a flustered pretence of indifference.

A sort of incredulous consternation succeeded this expectant rapture when Christmas came and went without any sign of the absent husband and father. The lank, empty stockings depended unnoticed from the chimney, while the frightened children huddled in the falling dusk about their mother's knees. "Somp'n must ha' happened to Joe! Oh, I know somp'n turrible has happened!" she moaned, visions of Joe's blond curls all dabbled in blood swimming before her eyes.

But, a little later, Mr. Pinson dropped in to allay his neighbor's probable fears. He said, squirming awkwardly in his chair, and with his eyes on the floor, that he had seen Joe a few days before in Waco, whither he had hauled his own cotton. Ye-es, Joe were well. Joe had sold his cotton. Joe talked like he mought stay a while down ther. "An', an', don't you be oneasy, Mis' Trimble, Joe's all right. In fac', Joe was fiddlin' like a cherry-bin at the wagin-yard the night afore I lef'."

"It's scan'lous!" cried Mrs. Pinson, when Newt reported at home how Mrs. Trimble "took" the news. "She orter up an' part fum sech a out-beaten, triflin' houn'—stidder thankin' the Lord that he ain't on the road som'er's, dead! Jinny shore is a po'-sperrited creeter!"

Vague rumors of Joe's gay cuttings up in the far-away town floated out to Jim-Ned during the next few months. If they reached his wife's ears she made no sign. She sat on Sundays, more forlorn-looking and hollow-eyed than ever, in her accustomed place in Ebenezer Church, and passed the time of day meekly with the neighbors on coming out. But she shrunk from their well-meant attempts at consolation. And divining with innate courtesy that she wished to be alone, even Mrs. Pinson presently forbore to intrude upon her. The front door of the Trimble cabin was rarely opened, save when its mistress appeared there for a moment, shading her eyes with her hand and gazing wistfully down the road. Randy and Little Joe had long abandoned their lookout on the fence. A pitiful air of desolation brooded over the place, the farm and its belongings running, if possible, still further down at the heel.

Suddenly one morning—it was when the short sharp winter had fairly broken, the first spring rains had softened the ground, and the pink of peach blossoms was making splashes of color everywhere—Mrs. Trimble appeared in her field walking behind a plough and driving Joe's old sorrel horse, Baldy. She seemed at first to be rather dragged by the plough-handles than to guide them. But she held on with grim determination; and by the time the garden-patch was turned under, the passers-by admitted that the rows were run ding straight, for a woman.

"Yes," she said, slowly, with her eyes turned away from the questioner's face and a faint flush on her cheek, "me an' the childern has concluded to make the crop 'g'ins' the time Joe comes back."

Upon this offers of help poured in upon her. Jim-Neds to a man—and woman—stood by her until her crop was planted. Thereafter, early and late, through the showery spring and the long hot summer, her slight spare form could be seen, hoe in hand, moving up and down corn or cotton row, accompanied by Lodelia and the two little boys—all patiently and manfully heaping or levelling the brown soil, digging, ditching, fighting grass and tie-vine. There were such tinkerings, too, betweentimes, at fences and gates and pens that toward the end of September it is doubtful whether Joe, had he presented himself, would have recognized his own freehold. The corn was gathered and cribbed, and the fodder stacked; the cotton-patch, green and healthy under a favoring sky, was dotted with blooms, amid which the bolls were bursting, white and thick as pop-corn.

And Joe all this time? Fiddling in the Waco wagon-yards at night by the freighters' camp-fires—fiddling, and swapping stories, and taking blithely, in season and out of season, that leetle drap too much, which, away from home in particular, was one of his besetting sins; selling his cotton for a sum far beyond his expectation; laying in groceries and dry-goods enough to run a sto', by jing! bragging and swaggering about the streets one day, and waking out of a drunken sleep the next, to find his wagon rifled of its contents and his money gone. An epic, indeed, might be written concerning Mr. Trimble's three-quarters of a year "in town." One goodly steer after another passed from his possession into the hands of the unscrupulous sharpers who were fattening upon him; and then the brand-new, unpaid-for wagon, with its bows and sheets; even the old gun, belt, and cartridge-box—everything except the beloved fiddle, with which he continued to make merry, and old Spot, who followed his disreputable master from one drinking-shop and gambling-hell to another, regarding him with eyes which had in them something of the wistfulness that dwelt in Jinny's own.

But all things sooner or later come to an end, and at last, one day, this lazy, rollicking, good-humored prodigal bethought himself of Mis' Trimble and the children.

The Ebenezer School had just been dismissed. Mr. Tolliver, the old teacher, was standing on the door-step in the sunset glow, brooding with habitual depression over the scant desire for learning exhibited by the freckled, sunburnt, whooping urchins of both sexes at that moment scurrying gayly homeward. "Truly," he sighed, "the fruit of knowledge does not tempt the youth of James-Edward"—for the old pedagogue's classic tongue repudiated the commonly accepted name of the district in which he labored. He turned to fasten the door. But a tumultuous and prolonged burst of laughter drew his attention to the high-road, which ran across a shinn-oak prairie in front, and curved around the corner of the school-house. A noisy rabble of men and boys, some mounted, some on foot, surged forward in pell-mell disorder. A nearer approach disclosed the cause of their mirth.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Tolliver, from his post of observation on the school-house steps, "I believe that is Joseph Trimble!"

It was in truth that home-returning hero. An axle and a single pair of cart-wheels, dragged by a small, gaunt, slab-sided ox, served as a support for a barrel lying upon its side, and braced by a couple of stanchions. Astride of the barrel, clad in mud-bespattered rags, and hatless, sat Joe himself—enthroned as it were—fiddle in hand. It was not a hymn tune whose notes rang out on the still afternoon. A tipsy smile illuminated the player's red face as the bow frisked and capered over the strings, and his bare heels against the sides of the barrel kept time to the profane strains of "Granny will yo' dog bite?" A tin cup swung from the spigot in the bung, and an unmistakable smell of whiskey pervaded the air around.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Tolliver again, as the cavalcade swept by, "this is a survival of the ancient Bacchic festival!"

"How 'bout Mis' Trimble, Joe?" demanded Mr. Pinson, during one of their frequent convivial halts, and he winked slyly at the crowd as he took a pull at the tin cup.

"Mis' Trimble? *Jinny?*" shouted Joe, looking down with a fatuous smile. "Don't you fret yo' gizzard 'bout Jinny Trimble! Jinny's goin' ter be so ding glad ter see me thet she'll fair *grub*ble at my feet!"

And the train, augmented at every cross-road by some laughter-loving crony, moved noisily on.

At the moment they emerged from the mesquit thicket, and came in sight of Joe's reconstructed estate, Mrs. Trimble was at the wood-pile cutting wood for the supper fire; Randy was picking up chips in his blue cotton apron; Lodelia and Little Joe were tending the ash-hopper. The sound of horses feet, mingled with the hilarious uproar, borne on the mild wind, came floating across the level fields. She lifted her head, pushing back her sun-bonnet, and stared with out-starting eyes. Her arm dropped nerveless at her side; her lips quivered; her knees shook beneath her. She moved mechanically toward the front gate, followed by her three children.

The procession had halted in the road there. A sudden shamed silence fell upon the crowd—hurried on thus far partly by a spirit of fun, partly by sincere rejoicing in the return of their jovial gossip—at sight of the patient and courageous though poor-spirited little woman coming across the field, her head drooped upon her breast, the heavy axe grasped unconsciously in her hand.

"Hello, Jinny!" called Mr. Trimble, with jaunty assurance, from his perch on the whiskey barrel. "Here I am onct mo'! Safe *an'* soun'. Pervided with a bar'l o' ginooine rye! Onloose the latch-string, honey, an' look out fer a rip-roarin' celebration of these here joyful percedences—"

His maudlin laugh was suddenly checked; his jaws dropped; he gazed at his wife with dilating eyes. She stood in the open gateway confronting him; her dark eyes, fixed full upon his, were blazing; her lips were firmly set; a scarlet spot burned in either sunken cheek; she looked dangerously like the imperious, high-spirited Jinny Leggett, of whom Joe in his courting-days had been mortally afraid.

"Joe Trimble," she said, with terrifying calmness, "shet yo' mouth and git off'n that whiskey barrel."

Mr. Trimble meekly obeyed, scrambling down with what grace he could muster, and casting sheepish glances at his followers, huddled breathless and abashed on the farther side of the road.

"Stand out'n the way with yo' onchristian, hell-temptin' fiddle," Mrs. Trimble added, stepping forward.

Joe slunk to one side like a whipped hound; old Spot, after an uncertain, appealing glance around, crept after him.

She lifted the axe.

It was not for naught that the down-trodden wife had chopped wood—ay, and split rails into the bargain, during all these years. The muscles stood out like thongs on the skinny little arm; the wrist was as firm and hard as iron. The axe, poised an instant in the air, caught on its keen edge a gleam of sunlight, then it descended with a sidewise telling blow on the head of the barrel; it rose and fell again, and the seasoned wood splintered and crashed inward; a small deluge of amber-colored liquor gushed over the axle, and ran in a foamy ambrosial rivulet across the road.

The lean ox turned his head to gaze with mild surprised eyes at the wrack behind him, then whisked his tail, and resumed his abstracted ruminations.

An involuntary murmur of applause ran through the spectators; every man and boy of them took off his hat. Regret over the waste of so much ginooine rye was lost for the moment in admiration of Mis' Trimble's spunk.

Mrs. Trimble did not acknowledge their presence by so much as a look. "Lodelia," she ordered, "kiss yo' poppy, an' onhitch that pore creeter from them wheels, an' give it some feed. Come erlong, Joe, an' min' you fasten the gate a'ter you."

Mr. Trimble, completely sobered, mute, and dumfoundered, lifted Randy in his arms, and walked after his wife toward the cabin, with Little Joe and Spot tagging at his heels.

"Ding my hide, this beats *me!*" exclaimed Newt Pinson. And clapping spurs to his horse, he galloped down the road, the demoralized squad clattering and padding behind him. "This *beats* me!" he cried again, turning in his saddle to look back.

Mrs. Trimble was nowhere visible.

Joe was at the wood-pile chopping wood.

The next day, and for many a long day thereafter, Mr. Trimble, with a cotton sack hung about his neck, dragged on his knees through the cotton-patch, reaping, as Mrs. Pinson sarcastically observed, where he had not sowed. His was now the hand that shook down feed for Baldy and the solitary steer. He it was who turned the windlass at the deep well and packed in the wood; he tended the ash-hopper and set the clothes-lines; he even went so far as to get up of mornings and make the fire.

He seemed, moreover, pitiably anxious lest he should by accident leave some of these unaccustomed tasks undone. Jim-Ned looked on, shaking its head, not knowing what to make of this extraordinary transformation, and momently expecting, if the truth were told, a fall from grace.

Joe's old exuberance of spirit, too, had given place to a kind of timid humility; his merry eyes were downcast and dull; his contagious laugh was hushed; his fiddle hung unused on the cabin wall, gathering cobwebs on its crooked neck.

Mrs. Trimble, though outwardly calm, was inwardly exultant. "It's good fer so' eyes," she said to herself, watching Joe pass the porch with the cotton slung over his shoulder, and remembering all her own pains and mortifications. The men made way for her with marked deference when she took her place in the amen corner of Ebenezer Church, with Mr. Trimble, dashed and browbeaten, at her elbow. The women gazed at her in hushed wonder. "Yes, it's good fer so' eyes!" she repeated again and again in the first transport of her freedom.

But, as time passed, a vague feeling of discomfort crept into her secret soul. Something was missing. What was it? Was it the old-time half-contemptuous, wholly cordial regard of her neighbors, who now held respectfully aloof, eying her askance as if afraid of her? Was it the strange silence around her own fireside at night, where Joe sat, with his head hanging and his eyes fixed vacantly on the flames, and the children cowered in the corner, dumbly questioning, first his dull face and then her own?

One night Mr. Trimble, coming in with an armful of firewood, found his wife sitting alone by the hearth. The children were abed. She had her apron to her eyes and was crying silently.

"Gawd-a-mighty, Jinny!" he cried, throwing down the wood and running to her in alarm, "what hev I done? Ain't the wood chopped ter suit ye? Ain't the wash-kittle filled? I b'leeve in my soul I've fergot them clo's-lines. I'll go an' prop 'em this minit!"

"T-t'ain't the lines," whimpered Jinny.

"Ain't the ash-hopper sot? Ain't—"

"Oh-h, Joe!" sobbed his wife, "I don't keer nothin' 'bout the ash-hopper! I want to hear you laugh onct mo'! I want to see you cavort roun' Jim-Ned like you used to! I'm plum tired o' havin' them fool men look at me like I wuz wearin' the britches! I'm sick o' hearin' Mis' Pinson an' Granny Carnes talk like you didn't have spunk enough to spank Randy! I wisht ter the Lord I hadn't of made no crop! I'm so lonesome! Oh, *Joe!*"

And she jumped up and hid her face on his breast.

"Lord, Jinny!" he exclaimed, blushing red with delight, and as bashful as ever he was in his courting-days. "Lord, honey, them women folks ain't wuth shucks, nohow. I don't keer nothin' 'bout Mis' Pinson an' Granny Carnes! But ef Newt Pinson er any of that gang hez dast ter look cross-eyed at you, I'll tek the hair off'n the'r hide afore mornin'." And his eyes grew suddenly sombre.

"Oh no, no!" she cried, clinging to him. "Not that-a-way! Not that-a-way!"

The result of their long conference was that Joe, the next morning, leaving the few scattering unpicked bolls in the field to Lodelia and Little Joe, mounted Baldy, and rode the length and breadth of Jim-Ned, inviting his neighbors to a play party at his house the following night. And the neighbors came, bubbling over with good-humor and curiosity.

And so it was that in the presence of the Ebenezer congregation Jinny Trimble "grubbled" at her husband's feet! She took the fiddle from the wall with her own hands and gave it to him. She consulted him audibly, and in a tone of deep humility, concerning the disputed steps of "Peeping at Susan"; she fetched him his pipe and hovered over him, radiant, while he lighted it; she ran out when the fire in the big fireplace burned low, and came in, ostentatiously carrying a heavy back-log, her head lifted defiantly and her dark eyes dancing.

Joe's blue eyes shone back at her. He fiddled like one inspired; his gay laugh rang out above the shuffling feet of the young men and women winding the mazes of "Weev'ly Wheat."

Never had Mr. Trimble been so hilarious or so masterful. Never was Mrs. Trimble so abject.

"Verily," observed old Mr. Tolliver to Mr. Pinson, "the Prodigal of James-Edward hath the fatted calf, and a ring upon his finger!"

"Jinny hev drapped back," said Mrs. Pinson to Granny Carnes out in the brush-arbor, where they were overseeing the supper. "Her spunk hev died a natch'l death. She cert'n'y hev grubbled!"

All the same, the next day, when Mr. Trimble hinted that he shore orter haul them five bales of cotton o' his'n to Waco, Jinny put her foot down.

ECONOMIC VALUE OF GOOD ROADS.

In the movement for a betterment of the common roads of the country the policy of the national government is only to assist in the educational part of the movement. A small appropriation was made to enable the Department of Agriculture to establish a Bureau of Road Inquiry, and the officer in charge has been for a year past engaged in gathering and disseminating statistics as to the burdens entailed on agriculture by reason of bad roads, the cost of good roads, and the cheapest methods of constructing them. He has concluded that in a region of bad roads—and bad roads unfortunately are the rule all over the country—the farming operations cost annually $1 25 per acre more than they would were the roads good and hard and in prime condition at all seasons. Every farmer and land-owner can estimate for himself how serious this burden is, and every consumer of farm products—that is, everybody in the whole country—can estimate what share of this burden he has to bear. This fact must be thoroughly understood before we can secure uniform systems of good roads in America. The benefits are general, and therefore the funds, or at least a large share of them, to pay for the improvements should be raised by general taxation or by pledging the general credit. A thorough improvement of the roads would not be of temporary but of permanent value, and therefore it seems a perfectly proper course to leave a part of the cost of road-improvement to the coming generations. It is thought that county-road improvement bonds bearing a low rate of interest would be easily saleable, for every dollar spent in such work increases the taxable values in the districts benefited to a very considerable extent. For instance, the experts of the Agricultural Department contend that the construction of good stone roads in a purely agricultural section increases the value of farm lands $20 per acre.

The secretary of the National Farmers' Congress, by analyzing the transportation returns of the country, makes the cost of wagon transport one billion dollars annually, of which six and one-quarter hundred millions is due to bad roads. The total annual value of the farm products in the United States is about two and a half billion dollars. It will therefore be seen that one-fourth of the home value of all the farm products of the country is lost through bad roads. "If this loss," says the road engineer of the Agricultural Department, "fell wholly upon farmers, it would result in instant and general bankruptcy, for there is no such margin of profit in agriculture anywhere. But while the farmer must pay this tax on all exportable products, the price of which is fixed by foreign competition on those products which have only a home market, he is able to add a part of it to the price, and so transfer the tax to the consumers in towns and cities. The burden on the country at large, however, is none the less real or grievous, and in amount it nearly equals all other taxation, local and national."

Now the question to answer is how best to lift this burden without placing another one equally heavy on the people. It may be that the previous suggestion about county-road improvement bonds may be the correct solution of the problem. In the Southern States drainage will not cost so much as in the North, where the frosts go deeper, and if the convicts—and what to do with the convict labor is in itself a serious problem in most Southern States—were used to quarry and break stone good roads could be built there for $1000 a mile. Indeed, in Canandaigua, New York, the roads have been improved at a less cost than this, and are so good that during the thaws of last February they were in prime condition, whereas the unimproved roads in the same neighborhood were impassable. Delaware has adopted this policy of working convicts in preparing material for macadam roads, and this material is to be furnished free on board the cars for counties and townships undertaking to make good roads. The great railroads, and small, in the United States, realizing the value of good roads in increasing the amount of freight shipped, have very generally expressed a willingness to carry stone for roads at a very low rate.

There are, indeed, many methods which may be employed satisfactorily both as to construction and as to raising the necessary funds. The all-important factor in the problem, however, is the attitude of the people towards this movement. They need to be stirred up by constant and incessant agitation, so that the good idea now abroad may not die. The influences now at work are many and powerful, but all of them are needed all the time, for the people are afraid to undertake such a great enterprise as the one presented to them, and they do not realize the shame and the cost of the wretched highways now in general use. The common roads are at once the means and the measure of a people's civilization. Those of the United States are worse than in any country in the world with a stable government. The conclusion from this truism and this fact is obviously disgraceful, and a serious reflection on the progress of which we prate so loudly. JOHN GILMER SPEED.

A CALIFORNIA LEMON RANCH.

The Montecito Valley, or "El Montecito," as it is familiarly called, is a residence suburb of Santa Barbara, and is bordered on the one side by the sea and on the other by the mountains of the Santa Ynez range. The narrow valley, studded with bright green live-oak trees, and commanding from every point an extended view of ocean and mountain, is very suggestive of southern France, but far less artificial, and in many respects more beautiful. Winter, of course, is unknown in the Montecito Valley, and flowers bloom there from January to January again. In summer the heat is never oppressive, never enervating. Cool breezes blow inland from the adjacent ocean, tempering the heat of the sun, and the highly favored region is a natural sanitarium.

Many small "ranches," as one soon learns to call a place of from 50 to 300 acres, have been planted to orange or lemon orchards, and the fruit has brought fancy prices in the San Francisco and Los Angeles markets. The trees grow rapidly, and the fruit is large and highly flavored. The valley will never become a large producer. Land is too high-priced to enable the fruit-grower to compete successfully with other fruit-growing regions where the price per acre for land is less than half. But Montecito oranges and lemons will never fail to sell or to command high prices, and he who is fairly independent of the income from his ranch, but is unwilling to pass his time in utter idleness while enjoying California life, will find in El Montecito an ideal place to establish a home that will be fairly self-supporting, if not indeed remunerative as an investment.

To illustrate the possibilities, and particularly a representative actuality, of lemon culture in El Montecito, Mr. Graham has sketched a few prominent features of the Crocker Ranch, an estate of nearly 300 acres lying at the upper end of the valley, and extending from near the seashore toward the high slopes reaching down from the mountains. Half a dozen years ago the lands of this ranch were but little cultivated, and the property for the most part was covered with a heavy growth of live-oak. The ranch was far from being productive enough to pay interest on $10,000, and its only apparent value was in the series of natural springs, which yielded a large flow of water. Mr. William H. Crocker bought the property in 1887, and at once began the work of development which to-day has made his ranch one of the largest, if not, indeed, the largest lemon ranch in the State. He already has expended nearly $250,000, has planted over 30,000 lemon-trees, built large substantial pumping-works, an elaborate storage and packing house, and a reservoir more than large enough to irrigate every inch of the fertile soil. The land has been cleared of all natural groves, the springs developed, and all water saved, and to-day the place is a large producer of lemons that find ready sale in the open markets. It is the "show ranch" of southern California. Mr. Crocker visits his estate as often as business allows him time to do so, and eventually will build a residence on that portion of the ranch which commands the best view of ocean, valley, and mountain. From the spot already chosen the view is one of extreme beauty. Near it is the lakelike reservoir of solid granite; beyond are the rolling lands of the ranch, with their long regular lines of trees. In the near distance lie the yellow sands of the coastline, frosted by every incoming wave, and twenty miles away, across a blue expanse of sea, are the softly outlined islands that face the Santa Barbara shore and form the great bay. Rarely, if indeed ever, is there scenery more varied or picturesque. The coloring is exquisite. The blue of sea, sky, and mountains, the glimmer of bright yellow fruit, the rich contrast of live-oak and fields of grain, the sunlit dusty highways winding among and over the low hills of the valley, all create a picture that must be seen to be appreciated.

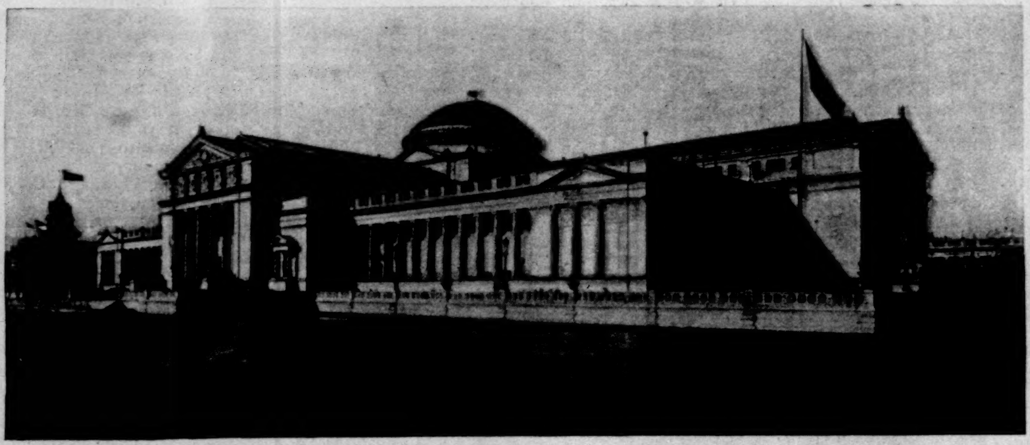
Mr. Crocker has spared no expense in the work he has undertaken. Granite and stone have been invariably adopted in all bridges and buildings. The large storage and packing house is built to last forever. Its thick heavy walls, deep-set windows, and low red-tiled roof are very suggestive of similar structures in Spain or Italy, and the reservoir might well belong to the public water company in a prosperous town. At the pumping station, where the water from the springs is forced to the reservoir occupying the highest ground of the ranch, all is solid and substantial. Flowers are in profusion. Palms have been liberally used, not only to line the roadways, but to heighten the picturesque, and their broad green foliage makes a striking contrast to the grayish walls of packing-house and reservoir.

As a paying investment this El Montecito ranch cannot now be discussed. In time its yield will be 170,000 or more boxes of lemons. What those lemons will net in cash must depend upon the season's market. Mr. Crocker has not considered the revenue. His main aim has been to show what can be done in southern California in lemon and orange culture. If success attends the effort, El Montecito will soon have a world-wide reputation. So much money need not of necessity have been expended. A wooden storage-house will do as well as one of granite. But the owner of this ranch has, fortunately for the lovers of all things beautiful and complete, been willing to create something that can never fail to delight the observer.

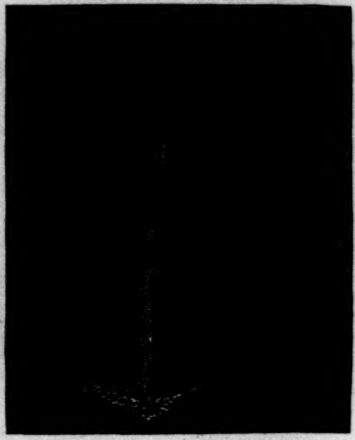
EDWARDS ROBERTS.

IN ONE OF THE COLUMBUS MEMORIAL ROOMS.

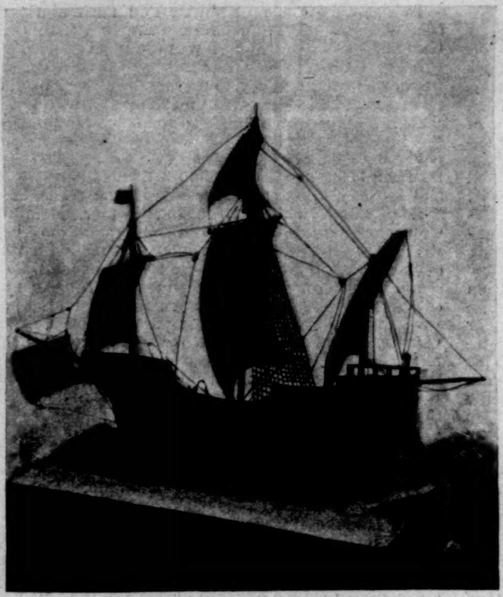
MAMMOTH WHALE, WEST CORRIDOR.



EXTERIOR OF THE MUSEUM—FORMERLY FINE ARTS BUILDING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

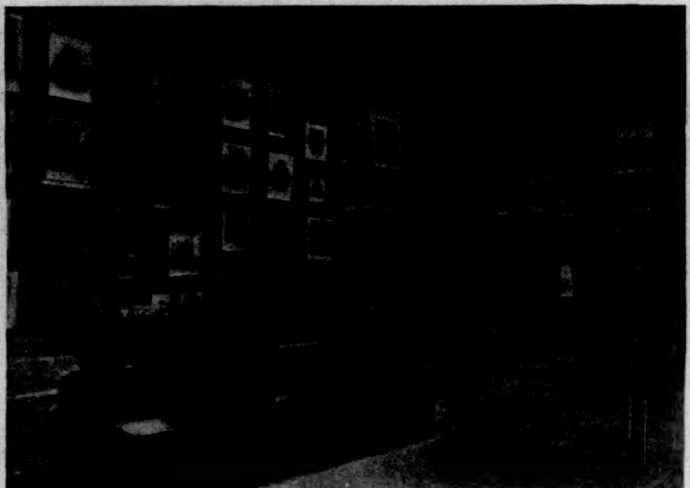


ANCHOR USED BY COLUMBUS.

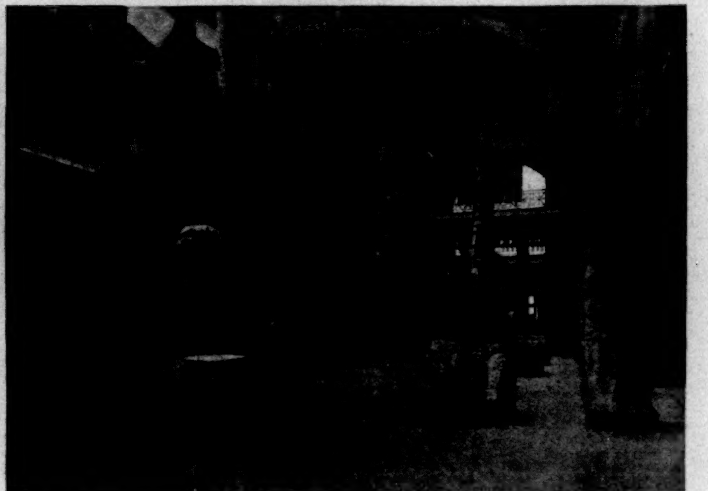


MODEL OF THE "SANTA MARIA."
Made from Wood taken from World's Fair Buildings.

UNDER THE DOME.
Models of the principal Groups from the World's Fair Buildings.



COLUMBUS MEMORIAL ROOM, FROM THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.



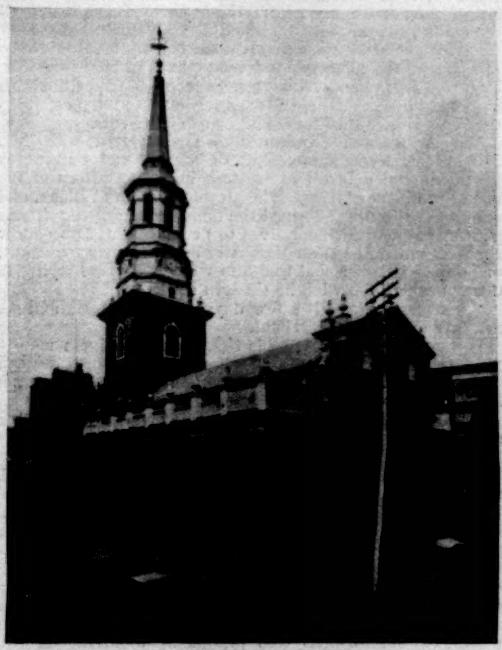
CASTS FROM YUCATAN AND TOTEM-POLES FROM ALASKA.

THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, CHICAGO.—From Photographs by J. W. Taylor.—[See Page 738.]

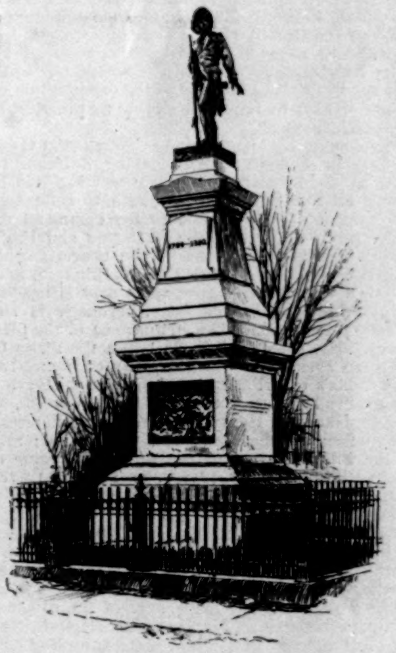
WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.

JOHN ANDRÉ'S PRISON AT TAPPAN, NEW YORK.

FRENCH'S STATUE, "THE MINUTE-MAN" AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

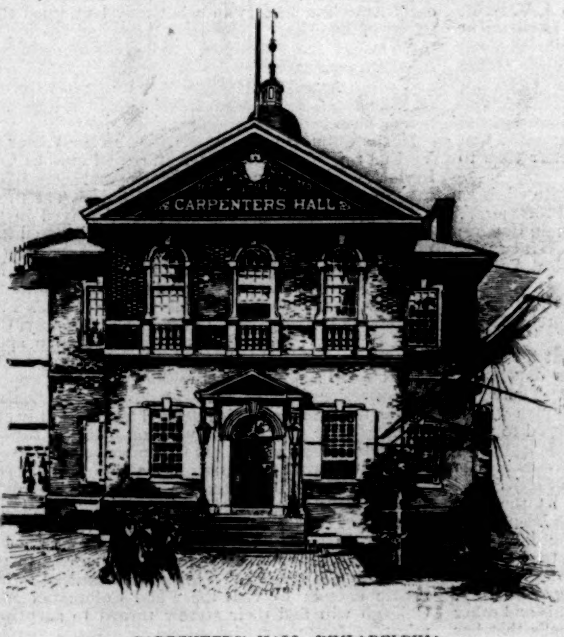


CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.

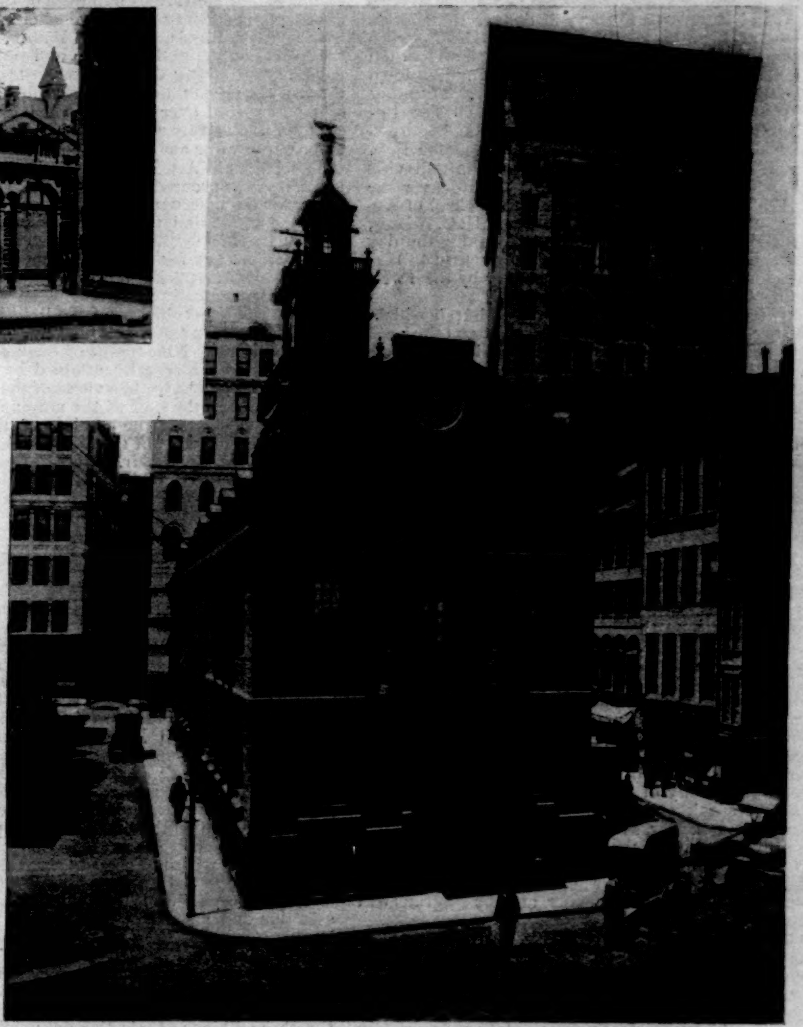


THE ANDRÉ MONUMENT AT TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.

OLD WITCH-HOUSE, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.



CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA.



THE OLD STATE-HOUSE, BOSTON.

A MODERN PILGRIMAGE.

Points of Interest on the Route taken by the University Extension Pilgrims in following Washington's Itinerary.—[See Page 738.]

A MODERN PILGRIMAGE.

THE University Extension Society makes no claim of originality in planning the Pilgrimage of 1894. Almost a century ago Jefferson was "eaten out of house and home" by admiring pilgrims, who followed him into retirement at Monticello, invariably accepted his invitation to dinner, and remained overnight so frequently that the housekeeper's ingenuity was taxed more than once to find quarters for them. Pilgrimages of children as well as adults to Salem, Lexington, Concord, and Plymouth are familiar enough to New England folk. In an address on June 17th, before the Bunker Hill Monument Association, the Rev. E. G. Porter described with enthusiasm the Pilgrimage to Lexington of some two hundred foreign-born school-lads, who on their return wrote essays on our Revolutionary history. The closing words of one of the essays, written by a Russian boy, are sure to be gratifying to the native-born reader: "I shall always regret that I was not born in America, where they have liberty, but if ever my new country needs my services in the field, I shall be ready to shoulder my gun as the patriots did at Lexington." Mr. John Russell Young's annual pilgrimage to the battle-field of Gettysburg has given unspeakable pleasure to those fortunate enough to be included among his guests.

The Pilgrimage of 1894 had its genesis in a series of excursions made last summer by the students of the University Extension Summer Meeting at Philadelphia to the battle-field of the Brandywine, to Germantown, and to Valley Forge. The large number of letters received by the University Extension Society and the newspaper commendation of the Pilgrimage idea led to the organization of the Pilgrimage of 1894 to follow as closely as practicable the itinerary of Washington.

The Pilgrimage was inaugurated at the close of the Summer Meeting in session at the University of Pennsylvania from July 2d to July 28th, by a public meeting held in Independence Hall on Saturday, July 28th, to commemorate the appointment of Washington to the command of the American army. Hon. Hampton L. Carson and Professor William P. Trent spoke, respectively, concerning Independence Hall and the character of Washington, and the Pilgrims then visited the historic spots near Independence Hall. A unique feature of the Pilgrimage is an address at each place to show the significance of the place in our history. Mr. Talcott Williams began the series by an address in the evening at the University of Pennsylvania, on Philadelphia's contribution to American history. The next day a special service was held at Christ Church, where Washington, Hancock, Henry, the Lees, the Adamses, and other Revolutionary characters had worshipped; and on Monday the Pilgrims went to Hartford. The same night they reached Boston, and at 10 A.M. on Tuesday there was a town meeting at the Old South Meeting-house. Mr. Edwin D. Mead presided, and Mr. Edward Everett Hale spoke briefly concerning Old Boston. The second in the series of historic addresses was given by Colonel T. W. Higginson, who spoke on Boston's contribution to Americanism. Visits were then made to the old State-house, Faneuil Hall, Copps Hill, under the ciceronage of the directors of the Society of Bostonians, Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, and other eminent citizens of Boston; and at the Bunker Hill Monument Mr. A. E. Winship spoke concerning the great battle.

Wednesday, August 1, the Pilgrims will follow in "barges" the British line of march from Cambridge to Concord. At Lexington they will be the guests of the Lexington Historical Society, and Rev. E. G. Porter will deliver the address on the place of Lexington in our history. The Pilgrims will be welcomed no less cordially at Concord, and in the evening Mr. F. B. Sanborn will speak for his native town and its contributions to our history and culture. Thursday will be devoted to Salem of witchcraft fame. The Pilgrims will be the guests of the Essex Institute, and addresses will be made by Professor E. S. Morse, Honorable R. S. Rantoul, and others. On Friday the Pilgrims will visit Plymouth, where Rev. William T. Davis is to deliver the address. Professor W. W. Goodwin and the School of Applied Ethics, under the direction of Professors H. C. Adams, C. H. Toy, and Felix Adler, will assist in making the day memorable. The Pilgrims will that evening return to Boston to attend a reception given in their honor by the Twentieth Century Club.

Saturday, August 4th, the journey to Newburgh will be made, passing Putnam's old home at Pomfret and the headquarters of Baron Steuben at Fishkill. Washington's headquarters will be visited, and the Rev. William K. Hall will speak Saturday evening concerning the place of Newburgh in our history, and on Sunday will preach a sermon in commemoration of the Pilgrimage. The journey down the beautiful Hudson will begin early Monday morning, stopping first of all at West Point, where special courtesies will be extended by the superintendent. Then passing Forts Montgomery and Clinton and Stony Point, the Pilgrims will be welcomed to Tarrytown, and entertained overnight by the hospitable citizens. Mr. M. D. Raymond has been invited to speak concerning the historical and literary significance of Tarrytown. The scenes of John André's capture and Washington Irving's career will be visited. Tuesday morning will be spent at the beautiful home of Mrs. M. E. Barber, which occupies the site of Washington's camp in 1780, near Tappan. Mr. S. Chase will speak concerning the importance of the spot in our Revolutionary history, and brief visits will be paid to the scene of André's imprisonment, trial, and execution. The same afternoon Mr. R. W. Gilder will give the Pilgrims a reception at the *Century* rooms, and Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, if his official duties permit, will later deliver the address on the significance of New York city in our history. A visit will also be paid to the College of the City of New York, and Professor H. P. Johnston will speak concerning the Revolutionary campaigns in and about New York. Wednesday, August 8th, will be spent in studying the campaign of Trenton. Professor William M. Sloane is expected to speak at Princeton, and General William S. Stryker at Trenton. The return to Philadelphia will be made at evening, and the Pilgrims will then disperse to their homes.

In undertaking this important experiment in co-operative educational travel, the University Extension Society hopes to nationalize the Pilgrimage idea, which has found expression now and then in local historical excursions. The Pilgrims number more than fifty, and represent more than fifteen States. They are truly representative Americans, with women in the majority. Its purpose is to show the practicability of conducting at small expense a party of typical Americans to the historic spots of the Atlantic seaboard. There is also a hope that the success of this Pilgrimage will increase public interest in our historic spots, and lead to the organization of local Pilgrimages in every section of the land. Almost every school district or township in the United States is within easy access of some historic landmark. The day is not remote when every important landmark will become the Mecca of patriotic adults and children who live near. The writer has suggested to many educators the importance of the establishment in every State of a Pilgrimage day, when public-school exercises shall be suspended, and teachers and pupils alike repair to a place hallowed by brave deeds, there to learn about the beauties and privileges of citizenship, as well as to celebrate the deeds of their forefathers. More than one educational journal is ready to co-operate in the effort to add in this way to our none too numerous means of reviving patriotism and of making more appreciative and public-spirited citizens.

LYMAN P. POWELL.

THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM.

A GOODLY heritage is that which the city of Chicago has received from the Columbian Exposition. In razing the beautiful but unsubstantial White City after its purpose had been served, Chicago acted wisely, although many a tender heartstring was wounded when axe and bar began their relentless work of demolition. As far back as 1890, Professor F. W. Putnam, of Harvard University, suggested, in a published article, the preserving of as much as possible of the exhibits of the fair of a scientific or historical character for a memorial museum; and in the closing months of the fair, among the thousand and one plans presented for securing some lasting and visible benefit from the exposition, this idea finally took shape, and was accepted as the most practical and pregnant of large and beneficial results.

The Columbian Museum was incorporated, with Mr. Edward E. Ayer, a merchant of wealth and culture, as president, and a board of trustees including fifteen of the most prominent citizens. The president, John C. Black, and James W. Ellsworth formed the finance committee. These gentlemen pledged themselves to provide a fund to endow the museum, and sought Marshall Field, the great merchant, one day in October, and told him what they were trying to do, and asked him what he thought of the plan.

"Let me think of it a few days, and then come and see me," responded the merchant.

It was not a very favorable time to ask business men to give away their money, and when Mr. Ellsworth walked into Mr. Field's office a few days later his hopes were not high.

"Well, Mr. Field, what do you think you can do?" was the query.

"I think I'll give you a million," was the off-hand response, which nearly took the breath away from his friend, and he added that another million ought to be subscribed by the people. The latter condition was finally settled at half a million in cash and two millions in World's Fair stock, and at that basis the proposition was thankfully accepted. Mr. Pullman subscribed $100,000; Mr. Higinbotham and Mr. Leiter followed suit (the latter with conditions that the museum felt obliged to refuse), and money and stock were subscribed so freely that in a little while the munificent endowment was practically assured. A few months later it was unanimously decided to perpetuate the name of the generous giver by coupling it with the name of the museum, making it the Field Columbian Museum.

Meanwhile no delay was made in securing donations of exhibits from the various buildings of the fair, in which the chiefs of the departments gave efficient aid. Japan, New South Wales, Russia, Germany, France, Sweden, Denmark, the Argentine Republic, Hawaii, and various other countries gave largely, taking this occasion to testify their good-will toward the city of the fair. The Federal and State governments turned over many interesting and comprehensive exhibits, and private exhibitors also seemed to vie with each other in the value and magnitude of their contributions.

The immense Art Palace, with its floor space of nearly six acres, was secured from the Park Commissioners for a house for the museum, and this was at once fitted up to receive the accumulations that were coming in by the car-load. A permanent structure may be erected later in a more central location, but for temporary purposes the present one is admirably adapted. With the exception of the wooden floor, it is practically fire-proof. The walls are of masonry two and three feet thick, and the light is admitted through large skylights in the roof, so that there are no dark corners in the building. Nine-tenths of the museum space is upon one floor, and the galleries, attained by easy stairways, are all connected, and give fine views of the courts below.

In organizing the staff of the museum the directors were fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Fred J. V. Skiff, of Colorado, the chief of the Mines and Mining Department of the World's Fair. Mr. Skiff's duties kept him engaged in the depopulated White City long after the close of the fair, and he was especially active in securing exhibits for the museum, and in providing for their care and protection. He consented to take temporary charge of the museum, and his energy and tact were so conspicuously successful that the trustees decided that they could not do better than to give him the appointment of Director-in-Chief.

The staff of the museum, as at present constituted, is as follows: Professor O. C. Farrington, Geology; Professor V. C. Heikes, Economic Geology; Dr. C. F. Millspaugh, Botany; Professor Frank C. Baker, Zoology; Professor William H. Holmes, Anthropology; Dr. G. W. West, Physical Anthropology; J. Elfrith Watkins, Industrial Arts; J. G. Pangborn, Museum of the World's Railways; J. B. Webster, Columbus Memorial Museum; Edward L. Burchard, Recorder and Librarian.

It is characteristic of this great museum that it reflects Western ideas in its staff, their qualifications depending primarily on the results they have achieved. There are few degree men on the list, but all are practical men with a thorough knowledge of the departments committed to their charge, and a record of efficient work in the field.

Never before did a great museum upon first opening its doors to the public disclose such a rich store of objects of scientific and historic interest. Once for all, let the idea be discarded that the Columbian Museum has been made the dumping-ground of all manner of abandoned World's Fair rubbish. The museum accepted much that was of little value, since the rule was to refuse nothing. But a process of winnowing and sifting has been going on steadily, together with one of selecting and buying, in this and other lands, until there is nothing in all these great halls that has not a distinct scientific, artistic, or historical interest and value.

At the same time the Western influence is strongly impressed upon the character of the museum. Considerations of practical application are paramount. Thus, in the department of geology, the fossils and minerals lead up to economic geology—the building-stones, coals, oils, cements, and ores. In zoology the student advances from the sponge and the starfish up to what is commonly termed animal industry, and even anthropology finally brings us around to man's clothing, his dwelling, and his conveyance.

Industrial Art is made a separate division of the museum, and includes pottery, textiles, gem-cutting, metallurgy, electricity, and transportation. The exhibits are of great variety and interest, but are practically but a nucleus of the collections which it is the purpose of the museum to gather together, with the object of encouraging study and progress in these arts. Every department is in itself a great object-lesson, showing the processes by which excellence in that particular art has been gained, and suggesting to our own bright and inventive students the idea of emulating and perhaps exceeding those achievements.

The Museum of the World's Railways is another distinct division. Here may be studied, from a hundred originals and full-sized models, the whole history of the modern locomotive. Every change from rough to smooth wheel, from wooden rail to steel, from upright to horizontal crank, from teakettle to tubular boiler, may here be followed out in its mechanical evolution. The Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania Railway historical exhibits have been given to the museum, and generous accessions have been received from other railroad companies. Major Pangborn will be sent to Europe next year for the purpose of studying the railway problem abroad, and securing additions to the museum.

These two divisions are new departures, perhaps, in museum arrangement, but a rapid survey of the contents of the rooms, occupying nearly a third of the entire space of the museum, suggests wonderful possibilities for Chicago and the country at large, and will doubtless have a powerful effect in stimulating study and invention in these important fields of industry.

The Field Columbian Museum will assume at the start its position among the great museums of the world. Its collections are estimated to have a money value—if such a value can be assessed—of over two millions of dollars. It is remarkably complete in geology and zoology, very extensive in botany, in ethnology has scarcely a superior, while in economic arts, including railways, it is unique. The large collections of minerals and metals given by various foreign and State governments have been supplemented by the purchase of the entire Ward natural science collection, the Tiffany collections of gems and crystals, the Kunz collection of meteorites, and his rare library of crystallography, the United States of Colombia gold exhibit, and a number of others of less note. Some idea of the extent of the geological and zoological divisions may be had from the statement that they occupy almost the entire west wing and west annex of the building, or nearly half the entire space of the museum.

The Botany and Forestry division starts out with the best part of the interesting exhibits of the Forestry Building at the World's Fair, some of which were never unpacked, and with valuable acquisitions from the exhibits in the Agriculture Building, and in the various foreign and State buildings. The United States government contributed its fine economic plant collection, and another of insects injurious to vegetation. A tour of the galleries discloses examples of the useful plants and timbers of all quarters of the globe, including Australia and the isles of the seas. With the nucleus already obtained in the State exhibits, the museum will soon have a practically complete exhibit of the economic botany of the whole country, and the same may be said of its mineralogy.

The division of Ethnology occupies the southeastern quarter of the main building and the southern court. It includes the greater part of the varied collections of the Ethnology Building, enriched by liberal contributions and purchases from other sources. Among the latter may be mentioned a large collection of casts of Egyptian antiquities purchased in Berlin. Mr. Ayer has also brought with him from Egypt a rich store of originals, while commissions have been left in that country for further purchases. It is, however, in its illustration of the history and life of the American aboriginals that this department of the museum will find its greatest strength. With the collections made in South and Central America at the instance of Professor Putnam as a basis, consisting of full-sized reproductions of monuments, inscriptions, sacrificial and burial stones, etc., obtained with immense difficulty and no little danger, of the ancient ruins of Yucatan, bearing upon their faces in unknown characters, for some future Champollion to interpret, the key to the history of that mysterious race which preceded the Toltecs and the Aztecs, it will prove a rich mine for students of early American history in what may be termed the Egyptology of America. Close upon these, and bearing a similar interest, are the totem-poles and grave-monuments of the Alaskan natives, while the life history of both the North and South American aboriginals is illustrated by thousands of objects of dress, implements, weapons, musical instruments, objects of veneration, etc.

In the Columbus Memorial Museum the visitor finds the Vatican replicas and the interesting and curious Curtis collection installed in a more convenient and accessible manner than in the mimic cloisters of La Rabida. The fifteen hundred or so relics and pictures are displayed in the halls opening out of the north court, formerly devoted to the display of American art.

The central rotunda is called the Exposition Memorial Court. Here stands the colossal statue of Columbus, by St. Gaudens, surrounded by models of the World's Fair statuary, and bold and graceful creations of Martiny, Crawford, Taft, Kemyes, Proctor, Bitter, French, Waagen, and others.

A library of upwards of 8000 volumes upon technical subjects and a spacious lecture-hall round out appropriately the collections. Scientific and technical periodicals are kept on file, for the museum is intended to be not only of interest to the general public, but a working-place for the student.

A detachment of the old Columbian Guard keeps watch and ward over the treasures of the museum, and a special detail of the Fire Department is ready at all hours with a chemical apparatus and hose-cart to protect the inflammable contents of the building against damage by fire.

Many years will doubtless elapse before the hosts who visited the Columbian Exposition will cease to regret the destruction of the fair "White City," but those who are fortunate enough to visit the Field Columbian Museum at Chicago will find their sorrow turned to surprise and admiration, for preserved here are its greatest wonders, illustrating science and typifying man's skill and genius in almost every field of human effort, remaining as permanent object-lessons for future generations.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

THOSE NEEDLESS QUESTIONS.

"Good-morning, Pat! Been injured in some way?"
"No sor. Oim on me way to a masquerade."
"At this time in the morning? It is only nine o'clock!"
"Thrue for you, sor, but oi'm goin' as a victim ov a caable-car accident, an' for the sake ov carryin' out the dishguise, oi hov to thravel shlow like. Oi'll git there by to-noight."

DEATH OF AN OLD EDITOR.

Some of the older readers of this paper may remember *Graham's Magazine*, and all who have acquaintance with American literature of the days of its awakening—the days of Poe, and the beginnings of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Bayard Taylor—know of it. The owner of *Graham's Magazine* was the first editor in this country to adopt the rule that what was worth printing was worth paying for, and many a youthful poet received from this gentleman the first money ever earned by writing. There were very few persons in the world who knew that George Rex Graham had not died many years ago, for his day was long since past. But only a few days ago he passed away at the Orange Memorial Hospital.

George Rex Graham was born in Philadelphia in 1813, the son of a prosperous shipping merchant. Losing his father in his childhood, he was reared on the farm of his uncle, George Rex, in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. He left the country school which he attended at fifteen to become a clerk in a cross-roads store; a year or two later he was apprenticed to a carpenter and cabinet-maker. But when he returned to Philadelphia after attaining his majority, he gave up his trade and became a writer for the press. His first work as a reporter created a great sensation, as he criticised the manners and methods of a temperance-lecturer with so much spirit that it was necessary to print a second edition of the paper to supply the demand. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but his tastes were all for a literary career. In 1837 he bought *Atkinson's Casket*, a monthly magazine of fiction, and conducted it in partnership with Charles J. Peterson, afterwards the well-known Philadelphia publisher. At this time Burton, the actor, was conducting a monthly called *Burton's Gentlemen's Magazine*, and finding the business troublesome on account of his frequent absences from home, he proposed to sell it to Mr. Graham, who bought it for $3500, giving a dollar for each subscriber. He united this with the *Casket*, and began at once the publication of *Graham's Magazine*, with an editor consigned to him by Mr. Burton. This editor was Edgar Allan Poe, who served with Mr. Graham for more than a year, and only left him because of an ambition to found and conduct a magazine of his own. It was at this time that many of those marvellous stories of Poe were written and printed. They appeared in *Graham's Magazine*, and to them the great popularity of the periodical was in a great measure due. In one year the new magazine acquired a circulation of more than 60,000 copies. Mr. Graham, by-the-way, defended Poe from those who attacked him, and he, who knew the poet most intimately, always maintained that he was an honest and careful man, and as nearly as possible the opposite of what Griswold, Poe's biographer, made him to appear. As an instance of Poe's carefulness in money matters, Mr. Graham very many years ago printed this statement of account made up by Poe of the affairs between the two:

We were square when I sold you the "Versification" article, for which you gave me first 25, and afterward 7, in all		$32 00
Then you bought the "Gold Bug" for.		52 00
I got both of these back, so that I owed		$84 00
You lent Mrs. Clemm..................		12 50
Making in all........................		$96 50
The review of "Flaccus" was 3¾ pp., which at $4 is..................	$15 00	
Lowell's poem is.....................	10 00	
The review of Channing, 4 pp., is 16, of which I got 6, leaving..............	10 00	
The review of Halleck, 4 pp., is 16, of which I got 10, leaving..............	6 00	
The review of Reynolds, 2 pp.	8 00	
The review of Longfellow, 5 pp., is 20, of which I got 10, leaving........ ...	10 00	
So that I have paid in all		59 00
Which leaves still due by me...........		$37 50

The owner of *Graham's Magazine* made money very handsomely, and in 1846 bought the Philadelphia *North American* and *The United States Gazette*, two languishing newspapers, and uniting them, placed the strengthened paper under the editorial control of Robert T. Conrad, distinguished as lawyer, poet, dramatist, and author in general. Later Mr. Graham associated with himself in this enterprise Morton McMichael. In a few years the prosperity of his two ventures was such that Mr. Graham was considered one of the capitalists of Philadelphia.

In 1849 Mr. Graham became entangled in some stock speculations, and was obliged to part with his interest in his newspaper to his partner, Mr. McMichael. He retained his magazine, however, and conducted it successfully for several years. Again, in 1856, an outside speculation ruined him financially, and he lost control of the magazine, which lasted a few years longer, and then passed out of existence. The last thirty years of Mr. Graham's life were not brilliant, as he never regained his lost prosperity. For twenty years or so he wrote for the newspapers, and then he had serious trouble with his eyes. The late George W. Childs, hearing of Mr. Graham's affliction and poverty, had the old editor looked after. His failing sight was restored by a surgical operation, and as long as Mr. Childs lived Mr. Graham was maintained in comfort at Mr. Childs' charge. After Mr. Childs' death the publishers of New York and Philadelphia and others united in a fund, so that Mr. Graham might live at ease the few days that were left to him. When application was made to these gentlemen for their co-operation in the fund, it was the first thing that many of them had heard of the old editor in long years. They had concluded, as the public had done, that the founder of what half a century ago was America's most popular magazine had passed away with the fortunes of his publication.

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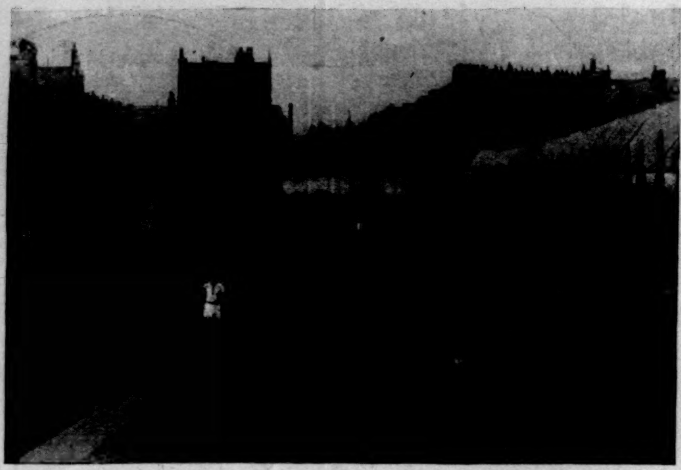
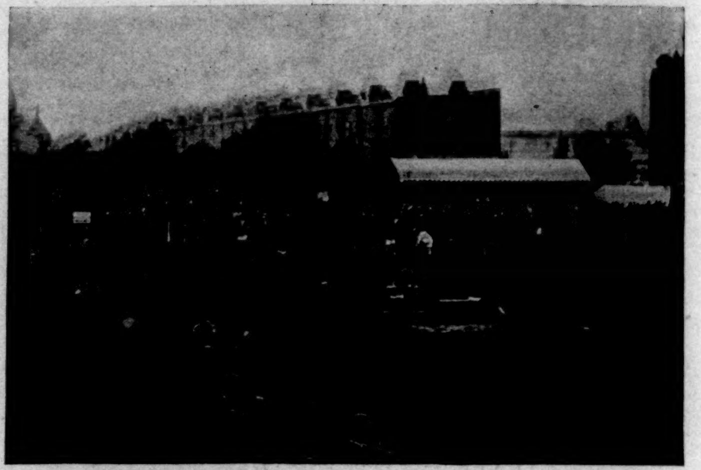
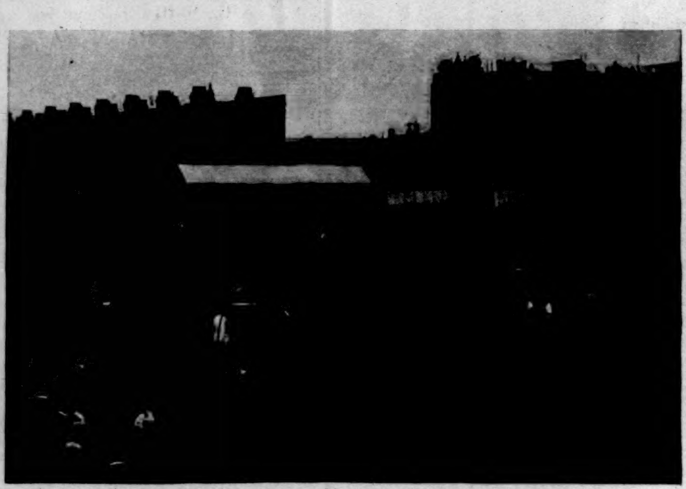


FINISH OF THE MILE RACE—GREENHOW, OXFORD, BEATING MORGAN, YALE.



RUNNING BROAD JUMP—SHELDON, YALE, WHILE IN AIR, MAKING WINNING JUMP.



PUTTING THE SHOT—CAPTAIN HICKOK, YALE, MAKING THE WINNING PUT.

THE HURDLE RACE—CADY, YALE, FALLING; OAKLEY, OXFORD, WINNING.

YALE-OXFORD GAMES, QUEEN'S CLUB GROUNDS, LONDON, ENGLAND, JULY 16, 1894.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY W. TAUNT.

THE YALE-OXFORD MEETING.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

FOR two weeks previous to the date when Yale met Oxford in London sandwich-men promenaded Piccadilly advertising International Athletic Sports between America and England.

But the English people who attended the games when they did take place regarded them chiefly as a contest between two universities, or rather as a contest between the University of Oxford and another one, and not as a meeting between representatives of two countries.

This was not the point of view of the visiting American spectators. To us each and every Oxford undergraduate was a proud and haughty Briton, whom we hoped we were about to see bite the dust of a cinder track or impotently attempt to lift himself over a very high jump; and the Yale men in their turn were to us primarily Americans, and the fact that they had once studied at New Haven did not impress most of us as being on this occasion of particular importance.

Indeed, there were many Americans present who probably had never seen a white Y on the breast of a blue jersey; they came with patriotic intent from the far West and the far South, and they had journeyed to the Queen's Club Grounds to cheer the American flag, and not one of any particular institution of learning. There were others there who from the stolidity of their countenances and the pattern of their high hats and coats led one to believe they were undergraduates of Oxford, until a particularly long toss of Hickok's caused them so far to forget their new clothes as to throw back their shoulders and to jump up and down in a pleasantly familiar manner and to yell, "Yale—Yale—Y-a-l-e," to the intense astonishment of the British matron and to the relief of the other Americans present, who had failed to penetrate their disguise.

I do not mean by this that the Americans were on this occasion any more eager for victory than were the English, but the Englishmen were almost all Oxford sympathizers, and the Americans were of no particular college or class; and the Princeton and the Harvard graduates in the crowd cheered just as loudly as did the ranch-holders from Texas, or the very beautiful young girls with blue enamelled Yale pins stuck in different parts of their new tailor-made gowns.

The weather on the day of the meeting was about as bad as it could possibly have been; and though the rain ceased an hour before the races began, there was still enough of it threatening in the air to keep many people away. As it was, every seat in the stands had been sold a week before the games came off, and many Americans who did not think the English would take the event so seriously, and who waited until the eleventh hour to get their places, were forced to stand in consequence on the grass. You have been told by cable of the events and of how they resulted, and these *post-mortem* remarks are intended only to cover a few points upon which the sporting editors may not have touched. Of course the chief disappointment to most of the Americans was in the fact that we did not win any of the running events. There is a certain satisfaction in learning that the best record for the jump or the hammer or the weight is credited to your side. It looks well on a blackboard and on your score-card.

But it does not give that thrill of pleasure one feels when one sees his man come tearing along a cinder-path a yard ahead of the other man. That is a situation any one can understand and appreciate. When you see a muddy hole in the turf two feet further off from the grand stand than another hole, and are told that the one further away was made by Hickok, that is good; but it is not half so good as it would have been had we seen a little Yale man shoot past an Oxford giant in the mile or half-mile or the hundred or the quarter, and to feel that we had the Oxford man "beat."

It did not help us any, either, to hear the Englishmen declare before the contest began that if they could win the four runs on the flat we were welcome to the other five events.

They probably did not mean this, but it showed that they regarded the running of much more importance as a test than they did anything else. Everybody seemed to feel this, and you could hear young men grinding their teeth and saying, "Oh for a Sherrill," or "a Downs," or "a Dohm," as the case might be. What we wanted in London on the 16th of July was some one who could show the Oxford men a pair of spiked shoes, and we wanted him very badly. We also wanted some one who could, after the race, make his way unaided to the grand stand. It is quite probable that too sympathetic friends made the Yale runners look as though they needed a helping arm around them after the finish, but it would have been much more pleasant for the spectators, who were quite as sympathetic, if the defeated Americans had had as little strength left as would have been necessary to have carried them from the track to the dressing-room without help from any one, and with a smiling countenance.

There was no contrast during the day as strong as this. The Oxford men finished in each race as fresh to all appearance as when they started, and put on their blazers and their eye-glasses, and examined the howling mob around them as unconcernedly as though they had wandered into it by mistake, while the Yale men finished in the three longer races with arms waving and heads tossing, and staggered up against the first man who stood in their way. One satisfactory thing about the contest was the courtesy of each rival crowd and the way it applauded the winner, irrespective of his colors. It was also a very good thing that each event went obviously to the best man; there was no fouling or bungling, nor question raised against any decision. In the case of Cady's fall in the hurdle it looked as though he was already beaten when he fell, but the Yale men say he was not, and that he is strongest at the finish.

He fell at the second hurdle from the end, and those who know his form say that had he not slipped he would have gained on and passed his opponent. He certainly did run at great disadvantage on the slippery turf. To a man accustomed to a cinder track this must have caused a half-second's difference at least in his time.

As far as the interest of the games went no writer of plays could have managed his climaxes better; each event succeeded another in such a way that the excitement grew as the hours moved on, and it was not until a few seconds of the end of the last run that any one could have said whether Oxford would win or the contests result in a tie.

Woodhull's effort in the half-mile was perhaps the pluckiest exhibition of the day. It so happened that everything depended on him, and he showed that he felt this by the way he ran the race. He called on every bit of speed, nerve, and pluck that was in him, and it was through no lack of heart or effort that he did not win. The other man simply ran faster than he did, that was all that could be said of it. Had he won, the events would have stood even, with the high jump a tie. But by our losing the half-mile the score stood five and a half in favor of Oxford, and three and a half in favor of Yale. The Englishmen secretly did not believe we were going to win anything; many of the papers conceded us only two events, and the surprise of the spectators when they found that we stood a chance to beat and then to tie them at the end of the day was very amusing.

One of the things that seemed to interest the Englishmen and women most was the Americans' method of stooping over and touching the ground with their fingers at the start. In every event the Yale men got away best, which showed the superiority of their method, but they were not, unfortunately, so strong at the finishes, and that is the end which counts more. The different Yale cries which rang out during the high jump also seemed to cause the utmost amusement and delight among the English, and Morgan's going up to shake hands with Greenhow at the moment the latter had defeated him in the mile run also pleased the spectators immensely. They are not used to such courtesies apparently, for they applauded the act with much vigor. As a sporting event the games were given much more space in all the papers than was the defeat of *Vigilant* by *Britannia*, which was dismissed in a few lines; and there were a great many Englishmen who said they were especially pleased at the Yale men's defeat because it would probably bring them over to England again. They were assured that they need not distress themselves, and that they would see the jerseys again until the balance of wins went the right way.

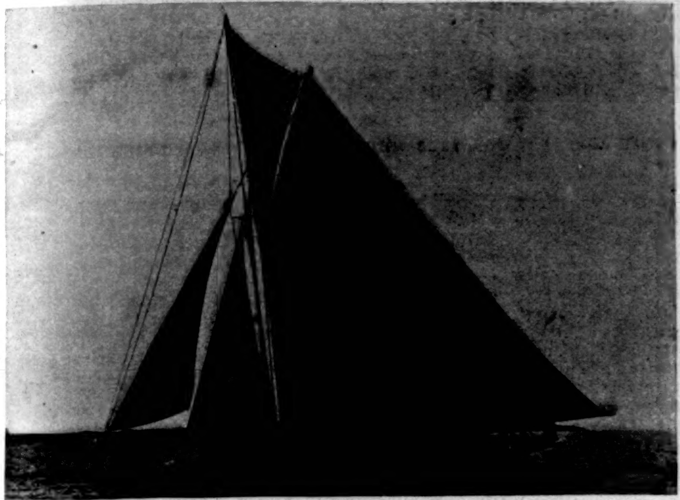
What would of course be a much better contest, and which must inevitably suggest itself, would be one between Yale and Harvard and Oxford and Cambridge. It would have a double-barrelled interest, and would be a much better test of the superiority of the young athletes of both countries. This one in itself was productive of more interest, so the papers said, than any Oxford-Cambridge meeting had ever been; and I have seen myself a great many athletic contests of different sorts in England, but never one in which the Englishmen exhibited so much delight at winning or went to such excesses in expressing it. As a whole the trip and the attempt was most successful, even if it was not as great a success as it might have been. The men came a long way, and the Englishmen appreciated that, and the tone of the English people and the English press was most enthusiastic in their favor. Had the Yale men won, their tone might have been not quite so enthusiastic.

But that we will learn next year. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the Yale men were as good losers over here as they are at home on those infrequent occasions when they miss a championship. They seemed to say to the Oxford men, "this gives you a great deal of pleasure, and doesn't hurt us," and Captain Hickok's speech at the banquet given the team by the Americans in London was a model of what the speech of the champion of a lost cause should be. Captain Hickok, who is only nineteen, placed his hands on his hips and smiled benignly upon the American ambassador and Sir Charles Webster, who sat at his side, and on the three hundred fellow-countrymen before him. He seemed to appreciate that "the laugh was on him," and that he had to turn it if he could.

He explained briskly how the team had happened to come, and then stopped and smiled broadly again and grinned in a conciliatory manner upon all present. They replied with laughter and cheers. "Some people say," the young captain began, abruptly, "that it was the weather and change of climate and all that. But I don't think it was. They beat us fairly and squarely." He paused again, and gazed thoughtfully at the ceiling. "It may have been," he began, "but I guess it wasn't. I don't know how it was," he added, desperately. "They just ran faster than we did."

AMATEUR SPORT

Although several unbecoming situations still exist in Amateur Athletic Union athletics to harass the soul of sportsmen, yet a streak of light now and again flits across the horizon to give some hope for the future. It is, to begin with, gratifying that we can declare the present season, as represented by club fixtures in distinction to college games, to have opened with greater promise, from an amateur as well as athletic point of view, than any year of the last three. We are not likely to see a large number of meetings—indeed, it looks now as if the New York and New Jersey athletic clubs would be the only ones to hold games—but the average of entries will be above last year's, which was an



"VIGILANT."

improvement on that of the preceding one. That any improvement at all has been shown is an encouraging sign. The unwholesome rivalry stirred up by the late Manhattan Athletic Club tainted almost every club with professionalism, finally resulting in the collapse of that club, and the withdrawal of sportsmen's interest and confidence from general club athletics, which left the situation dark and dubious.

Five years ago athletics were having a boom throughout the country; clubs, however, could not be content with clean, honest sport, and legitimate means of winning, so they sought out men who were susceptible to "inducement"—men that would not have been admitted to the club except for their athletic ability; these they fed and boarded, and in many instances clothed, and kept in training like the band of hireling athletes they were. Thus the reign of the semi-professional athlete swept over the East; but only in exceptional cases, be it recorded to their credit, touched the West and South. College athletes held aloof from competition, and the sport lost caste both with athletes and spectators.

It has taken three years for it to clear only so much as to show a slight return of popular interest, and it remains yet to be seen if the better class of spectators, the class that attend college games, will renew the interest they once evinced before the clubs inaugurated the policy that resulted in the ruin of the sport they were organized to foster.

If ever there was a case of killing the goose that laid the golden egg, the action of the athletic clubs may certainly be viewed in that unenviable light. So possessed were they to win a few points that not only was all consideration of the amateur thrown to the winds, but they could not muster enough discernment among the lot to realize that they were chasing a will-o'-the-wisp that would surely lead them to disaster. They are wiser now, and yet apparently not sufficiently so to prompt their following the only possible course that will lead to the rehabilitation of track athletics in the eyes of sportsmen.

It is a well-worn axiom that like begets like; and clubs may set it down as a hard-and-fast fact that as they develop the class of athletes, so will the spectators grow in kind. It is not to be supposed that the performance of men whose skill is their sole excuse for representing a club will attract the best class of spectators. This sort go to club games more because their own kind are competing rather than for any decided enthusiasm over athletic contests in general. If they really care to watch hired performers they go to the circus, or perhaps to the roof-garden, where the highest development of professional athletic talent is exploited for their entertainment. As there are two different classes of spectators, so there must be two different kinds of athletic clubs, each obtaining support from its kind. If a club of the higher class recruits its athletes from the lower, it must expect to draw spectators from the same source. You cannot attract bees with assafœtida.

Since the collapse of the boom the better clubs appear to have recognized this fact, and there has been a weeding out of "athletic members" and a general elevation in the tone that has placed the sport in the most healthful condition it has seen for many years. The athlete who was "too strong to work," and with no visible means of support, yet fared bountifully of the fat of the land, has become nearly an extinct species. Still, there are a few of them left—a few who are, one way and another, supported the year round. So long as this athletic parasite—this professional (for what else is he?)—is permitted to flourish clubs may not expect to enlist the best class of college athletes nor attract the better class of spectators.

There is another species of this athletic fungi which, although not attaining so rank a growth, nevertheless is permitted life to a disfiguring extent. This is the athletic club's summer boarder. I do not know what interpretation of the amateur rule will allow a club to house and feed athletes from the opening of spring to the closing of autumn, and yet that is practically what the New York A.C. does. I appreciate all the keenness to win, and make due allowances for their desire to put men in the best condition.

Aside from its being a violation of the true amateur sporting spirit—which it is, whether the Amateur Athletic Union so rules or not—it is one of the causes that helped put athletics at their present low ebb, and the very thing which retards their general growth.

The hinderance to athletic prosperity in this eastern part of the United States, so far as its growth is concerned, has been the large wealthy athletic clubs. These have not only gathered up every promising athlete that showed his head anywhere within sight, but supported him in style altogether beyond the purse of smaller clubs. If clubs were permitted to maintain only a legitimate training-table a couple of weeks before championships, and were obliged to confine their recruiting to say a fifty-mile radius, the small clubs would have some chance of life, and athletics generally would thrive.

As it is now, a club like the New York A.C. offers inducements in the way of summer board and lodging that are irresistible to the average athlete of the present day. If some small club or college develops a good man, it gets him, no matter where he may happen to live or how many local clubs suffer by the loss of what naturally belong to them. As a result the N.Y.A.C. gets all worth having, and the rest hold the bag. Another result is that so far this season not a club on the Atlantic coast outside of the New York's and New Jersey's has held a set of games worth seeing. Representing the N.Y. A.C. at the Metropolitan championships last week were George R. Gray, of Canada, George W. Orton, of Canada, at present sojourning at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, where there are at least two good athletic clubs, Stephen Chase, and G. O. Jarvis, from up New England way. Distribute these men among their home clubs, and how much more interest there would be in the national championships, and what a healthful growth would result in the home district!

Parents who decry over-athletic indulgence in colleges would do more for the general cause if they supervised their son's athletics in vacations. Many a young boy has developed professional tendencies because of the allurements of these large clubs, which he has been too weak to withstand. The Amateur Athletic Union, which exists ostensibly to nourish the sport, could do something substantial in that direction if it put a veto on this athletic piracy. The very life of sport depends on wholesome rivalry; but how can there be any general rivalry if a few clubs are permitted to enroll good athletes whenever and wherever they appear? It simply discourages all the smaller clubs, stops the development of material, and leads to universal athletic lethargy, which is the identical state of affairs that exists to-day. As a rule these wealthy clubs do not develop athletes; they depend on their training-table and like entertainment for recruiting purposes. In the fine team of athletes which the New York Athletic Club sent to Saratoga for the Metropolitan championships I believe I am right in saying that only two, Mr. Hugh Baxter, the very efficient captain, and Mr. T. J. Lee were developed by the club. Practically all the others were "gathered."

The governors of the New Jersey Athletic Club have set a most commendable example in refusing to turn their club into a boarding-house for athletes that have no other ambition in life than to disport themselves about the track in scanty attire and live at some one else's expense. Nor does the standard of excellence at their sports seem to have been lowered thereby. They opened the season with their annual Decoration day "carnival of sport," which, as usual, provided ample sport for both participant and spectator. They made an excellent showing at the Metropolitan championships with but a handful of athletes, and now the club is preparing to give games on Labor day that are likely to be second in interest only to the championships.

It is so easy to revivify club athletics if only a little common-sense and a sportsmanlike spirit be shown. The remedy is so simple, one wonders it has never been applied. First of all, let members of athletic clubs elect officers that have the highest conception of the amateur, abolish the summer boarding-house, and narrow the recruiting-ground to its legitimate limits. Given a wholesome basis, and the growth will be correspondingly healthful. The moribund condition of club athletics all along the Atlantic coast is commentary enough on the system that obtains at present. Really the future of club athletics in the East rests with the Amateur Athletic Union and the large clubs, as it always has; if they are disposed to show a sportsmanlike or even a fair spirit, there is no reason why another year should not tell a different and more pleasing story; but so long as clubs are permitted to board and feed athletes, and the small clubs not protected against the membership "hustler" of the large ones, the same old story may be kept standing.

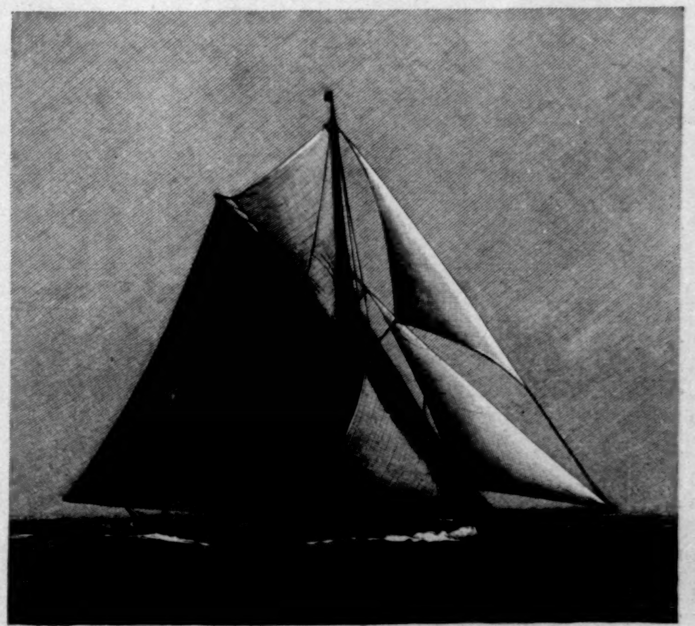
The Metropolitan Division of the A. A. U. showed neither sympathy with nor an intelligent conception of the needs of the hour by holding its championship meeting last week in Saratoga. A desire to provide entertainment for the summer residents prompted one most interested in the town's prosperity to guarantee the Association against pecuniary loss, a proposition that was accepted post-haste. The most casual glance over the field would have told the Metropolitan managers that by taking the games so far from New York they were making representation impossible from a score of clubs in this vicinity, and were gaining none from the favored section. It is wise to hold the National Championship event at different athletic centres, but the Metropolitan Association is practically New York, and with athletics so low in interest it was short-sighted to send them down another peg. Nothing was gained at Saratoga in point of attendance, sport, or interest. Of the large number of clubs composing the Association—something like one hundred, I believe—about half a dozen were represented, and, with the exception of two seconds and one third, four clubs took all the places in every event. Of these four the Pastimes of New York had to its credit two firsts, two seconds, and one third; the Xavier, also New York, one first. All the others fell to the New York A. C., which won eleven first, six second, and six third places, and the New Jersey A. C., three firsts, six seconds, and nine thirds. The N. Y. A. C. had a very strong team, trained to the hour, but the general average of performances was not high. T. J. Lee, N. Y. A. C., won the 100 and 220 yards in 10⅖ and 23 sec.; 120-yard hurdles, Stephen Chase, N. Y. A. C., .15⅘, the only brilliant performance of the day (this young man is the coming champion at this game); 220-hurdles, F. C. Puffer, N. J. A. C., .26⅕; 440 yds., George Sands, N. Y. A. C., .52⅗; 880 yds., Charles Kilpatrick, N. Y. A. C., 2.0⅘; one-mile run, G. O. Jarvis, N. Y. A. C., 4 m. 33⅗ sec.—an excellent performance; one and three mile walks, S. Liebgold, Pastime A. C., 6 m. 51¼ sec. and 23 m. 01⅗ sec.; 5-mile run, W. D. Day, N. J. A. C., 27 m. 33⅕ sec.; 16-lb. shot, G. R. Gray, N. Y. A. C., 45 ft. 5¾ in.; 56-lb. weight and 16-lb. hammer, J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 32 ft. 2 in. and 136 ft. 5½ in. (these two athletes always do brilliantly, of course); pole vault, Hugh Baxter, N. Y. A. C., 10 ft. 4 in.—his first appearance after several years of retirement; high jump, M. F. Sweeney, Xavier A. C., 5 ft. 10 in.; broad jump, F. C. Puffer, N. J. A. C., 21 ft. 7½ in.

Every race "Vigilant" sails emphasizes her superiority over *Britannia* when the wind holds true and the conditions are fair. She is faster than the royal cutter by 8 to 10 minutes over a fifty-mile course, be its turns never so many, so long as she can keep the air in her canvas; and when the breezes blow in good Yankee fashion she kicks up a smother of foam, and speeds away at a pace which leaves her opponent standing. *Britannia* with her extraordinary quickness in stays and superior piloting rules the ripples and the calms.

If there had been any doubt of *Vigilant* being the faster boat the races off Ireland, July 23d and 24th, under auspices of Royal Munster and Royal Cork Yacht Clubs, must have set it at rest. On the first day both crossed the line together, *Britannia*, as usual, having the weather position, but *Vigilant*, going through her lee, rounded the first mark one minute and a half to the good. She continued to increase her lead, until, on the next to last leg, when seven minutes and nine seconds ahead, she ran into a calm; while *Britannia*, as she had done many times and oft, brought enough air along with her, and passing the becalmed American, crossed the finish-line first by 45 seconds actual time, winning by 1 minute 55 seconds corrected time.

On the second day, however, wonderful to relate, there were no calms in the neighborhood; had there been, *Vigilant* would surely have found them. And yet another surprise awaited the on-lookers; it was *Britannia* weather from the beginning of the fifty-mile course (same as first day) to the ending thereof; the wind was light from start to finish, though it was fairly steady. They crossed the line beam and beam, and again, wonderful to relate, with *Vigilant* to the windward. At the first mark she had gained nearly a minute, and was never headed throughout the race, finally crossing the finish first by 4 min. 35 sec. elapsed time, and a winner by 3 min. 25 sec., assuming she allows 1 min. 10 sec. She was handled gingerly on the last two legs, owing to having broken the jaws of her gaff, otherwise she might have increased her lead.

As it was, she established an average hourly record of 9.67 knots, which is not only half a knot better than *Britannia* had previously done over an inside course, but better than her own 8.82 average against *Valkyrie* off Sandy Hook last October. Her damaged spar kept *Vigilant* out of the race scheduled for the 25th, and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales turned mug-hunter by sending *Britannia* over the course alone in order to claim the trophy.



"BRITANNIA."

The Western championship in tennis doubles was won last week at Chicago by the Neel brothers (C.B. and S. R.), who completely outclassed the other entries. We looked in vain for these players at Newport last year, and it is to be hoped they will be seen this season. They represent the highest development of Western tennis, which, generally speaking, has not reached a very high standard.

This department goes to press before the completion of the Longwood tournament gives us a comparative line on Larned, Hall, Hovey, and the recently arrived Englishman Goodbody.

IT SEEMS NECESSARY TO REMIND the National Lawn-Tennis Association that its mission in the tennis world does not begin and end in the arrangement of the season's schedule. Most of us believe a very important part of its duty is to foster the healthful growth of the sport and to guard the amateur status of the players. There are many things it can and probably will do (when it awakens to the requirements of the day, to infuse interest in a game that is showing its need more and more each season, but there is one thing it must take in hand without delay, and that is the regulation of prizes. In the last two years there has been such a relaxation as may run to ruinous lengths if not instantly checked. Clubs have got in the way of handing winners a cheque with which to buy their own prizes, and of giving orders on tradespeople. The latter is not just our idea of the methods that should obtain, but the giving of a cheque is certainly bordering on professionalism; in fact, it is professionalism. I call the particular attention of the Association to this matter, and in the name of sportsmen request immediate action.

THE PONY-RACING SEASON OF '94 shows progress; the meetings have been fairly frequent, and in point of entries and mere racing everything seems to be going along in the most approved fashion. Still, there can be no question that the sport is losing, if, indeed, it has not lost, the particular claim on the interest of sportsmen with which it started.

The Pony-Racing Association was originally organized to provide amateur and clean racing, which sportsmen might enjoy, and in which those fond of riding might participate. At first "gentlemen up" was the order of the day, but these have gradually, from year to year, dropped out, and there is now little more to interest sportsmen other than the fact that the ownership of the ponies still remains with the members of the hunt and country clubs. A stranger at a pony racing meet would have to be told that the Steeple-chase Hunt and Pony Racing Association existed to furnish racing with "gentlemen up." In fact, the continual increase of stable-boys and professional jockeys has crowded out the amateur, who does not like the company in which he finds himself.

THE MEETING AT ELKWOOD PARK, New Jersey, last week, showed some very good sport and a fast lot of ponies, but with all the attractions of excellent attendance and good management, the woful lack of gentleman jockeys marred the pleasure of the lover of amateur racing.

When one goes to see so-called amateur meetings, one naturally expects to see one's friends, or at least gentlemen, in the saddle, both on the flat and between the flags, and a great deal of one's interest is lost when the horses go to the post ridden by an indifferent stable-boy or third-rate professional jockey.

Some years ago, when steeple-chasing was in its glory here, and meetings were held at Bayswater, Cedarhurst, Country Club of Westchester, and Boston, the fields were larger, the racing mostly between the flags, and there was seldom a steeple-chase under two miles and a half, with rarely less than eight or ten starters. Nearly all the riders of those days were from the hunting and polo-playing sets, who have now got too heavy for racing, and too old to care to undergo the training of keeping "fit."

IT HAS ALWAYS SEEMED STRANGE to me that no new and younger men have stepped in to fill the places of these sportsmen of half a dozen years ago. Where are all the young men one sees riding to hounds, playing at polo, and at the riding clubs and riding academies in the city? As a general rule, they ride well and take some pretty big jumps, especially in the ring. There are plenty of them that go well when hounds are running, and take bigger chances over and again in the field than they would meet with between the flags. Many of these you see at the pony race meetings, but rarely does one of them "get up."

It is by no means intended to assert here that skill to negotiate a big jump in a riding-school ring is all one needs to ride a steeple-chase. The mere fact of seat and hands being good is not all that is required, for head and knowledge of pace are positively imperative, and one must know how to trail and wait in front, as well as behind, and time his run and finish rightly, particularly when he has a tired horse under him.

To my thinking, the man who can "wait in front" is the more skilful, as he must size up the others almost from the start, while the one who trails has a better chance to watch the field and to act accordingly as he sees the others flying signals of distress.

The racing at Elkwood on July 18th was very good, with some close finishes. Little Monarch, who has changed owners recently, won a good race from a fast field. The hurdle race was won easily by Dutch Oven, 2d, beating The Rat by half a length (ridden with good judgment by Mr. Hayes), who was two lengths ahead of Duke of Abercom.

The lottery of racing was most amply shown when Canvass, Mr. Frederick Gebhard's $20,000 horse, bought to win on the big tracks, was easily beaten at six furlongs by a lot of racing ponies. Nevertheless, it is the glorious uncertainty of racing that makes it rightly called "the sport of kings."

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE "VIGILANT"-"BRITANNIA" RACES ON THE CLYDE.

FROM A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER'S POINT OF VIEW

July 7th.—As might have been expected, the race of July 5th became the all-absorbing topic of conversation, and it was a pleasure to find that the opinion expressed in my last letter to you seemed to be the prevailing one amongst the knowing ones regarding the respective merits of the two yachts—namely, that *Vigilant* is the better boat.

One of the finest matches ever sailed between two racing yachts was that on Saturday, the 7th; there were no flukes this time, and the wind was as true as it is ever possible to be on this bonnie Clyde of ours. There was more southing in it than on the Thursday, and the force was almost the same throughout the day—between 4 and 5 (the numbers represent a scale ranging from 0 to 12, where the 12 denotes a full hurricane and zero a calm)—though towards the end of the afternoon it may have somewhat lessened. It was therefore a good day for gauging the merits of the two yachts with a fair amount of accuracy, at all events up to a certain point, for in yacht-racing, unlike that in which the horse takes the prominent part, there are so many unseen contingencies to deal with, such as sea disturbance with wind, and sea disturbance without, half a gale with smooth water, and a moderate breeze with broken water, etc., that, however fine the last two races may have been, or however good the conditions, it is still far too early in the day to give a settled opinion as to whether *Vigilant* or *Britannia* is the better all-round boat. The old *Marjorie* made a third in the race for the Queen's Cup; but it was more for the sport's sake than for any chance she may have had against such powerful opponents. The start was a good one. *Britannia* crossed the line well up to windward, and gave poor little *Marjorie* a thorough blanketing, almost wiping out, at the very commencement, any chance she may have had. *Vigilant* was less fortunate than she had been on Thursday, and did not cross the line for nearly 45 seconds after *Britannia*. Both yachts stood over to the Cloch shore, *Britannia*, by dint of a little jamming, to windward, with *Vigilant* some 30 seconds astern.

It is needless to chronicle the history of each tack in the beat down to the Skelmorlie Measured Mile Buoy, but *Britannia's* start stood her well throughout, and, doing all she knew, *Vigilant* could not place her nose on her opponent's weather, so, accordingly, had to endure the questionable pleasure of a weather-bower each time the two yachts went about. It was, after all, only tit for tat, and *Britannia* had the felicity of holding *Vigilant* in the same position as she found herself in during Thursday's beat to windward. Both carried jack-yarders, and though *Britannia* has always appeared to stand up better to her canvas, still *Vigilant* was alone in sending up a jib-header on the reach to Ascog, which distance was done at a steaming pace, and the spindrift was sent flying to leeward. In the passage up to Kilcreggan *Vigilant* gave us a taste of her speed when running, and overhauling *Britannia*, tried to get on her weather. This resulted in the pair indulging for some time in a very pretty luffing match which took them well into the channel, and allowed *Britannia*, on shaking off her opponent, to square off her spinnaker boom and set her spinnaker, a movement which was speedily followed by *Vigilant*. The Kilcreggan mark was rounded by the latter some 45 seconds after *Britannia*, a distance which was increased by 35 seconds during the close reach for the committee vessel. The second round was very much like the first, and though *Vigilant* on two occasions almost led *Britannia* to go about by clever feints or pretended tacks, still she was unsuccessful, and *Britannia* was as quick at recovering herself as she was at first to jump at the bait. During the run from Ascog *Vigilant*, by her extra smartness in getting out her spinnaker to start with, and afterwards by her superior speed in running before the wind, gradually overtook *Britannia*, so that at the Kilcreggan mark again—as on *Britannia's* part July 5th, so with *Vigilant* on this occasion—a fine piece of sailing was scored to her account when she gybed over from the port to starboard tack on rounding between the mark-boat and *Britannia*, and ahead for the reach home. The distance unfortunately was too short for her to make up the time she had to allow.

July 9th.—Considering the uncertain state of the weather in these parts, it cannot be deemed a matter of wonder that after such a grand racing day as that of the 7th, the second day of the Royal Clyde Regatta should turn out the dreary one that it did. As a criterion to go by of a yacht's points of sailing, the outcome of the day's racing was of no use whatever, and really the only feature of the race between the two big ships was the great skill and patience displayed by each skipper as he nursed and coaxed his vessel along under the influence of almost imperceptible airs. There are times when a day like the 9th, disagreeable as it always is, ought not to be a subject of growling, as, for instance, at the beginning of the racing season, or when a yacht is furnished with a new crew, for the amount of sail drill that must necessarily take place owing to a flaw of wind very likely coming from one point, immediately to be followed by another from a different and maybe an opposite quarter, will knock them into shape quicker than weeks of racing in ordinary weather. Captain Haff is quite out of his element in racing weather like that he experienced on this day, since an uncertain state of wind and weather is, I believe, almost unknown inside Long Island Sound. However, if such be the case, it is well that he is meeting with samples of our commodity early in his racing season over here. From the vagaries of the wind he must have been sorely perplexed at times how to act for the best, because the different changes of air (there was no breeze to speak of all day after reaching Ascog) came so suddenly that once or twice it seemed as if the skipper had lost heart, and had concluded to let his vessel drift as she liked. At the start everything seemed in favor of *Vigilant*, for she crossed the line well to windward of *Britannia*, and stood out on the starboard tack for the Cloch shore, followed by the latter well on her lee quarter. Once over there, *Britannia* commenced a series of short tacks, in the hope of inducing *Vigilant* to play at follow my leader, but after two short boards, *Vigilant* gave up the game, and worked down to the Measured Mile Buoy on her own account. Although there was a nice breeze to carry them down channel, it soon died away, and off Skelmorlie became so shy that it was late before the two yachts were able to negotiate the mark, which they did, *Vigilant* 36 seconds ahead of *Britannia*.

Very shortly after this *Vigilant* sailed into the doldrums, and was passed merrily by *Britannia*, which, profiting by the former's experience, seemed to skirt the region of calm. After about twenty minutes a breath caught the peak of the American's topsail, and gradually filling her whole sail, carried her past the Ascog mark just 20 seconds astern of *Britannia*. The light puffs came now from here, there, and everywhere, so that it was some time before spinnakers could be used to any advantage, and balloon foresails and big jib-topsails became the order of the day, but the flood tide appeared to be doing far more for them than any wind that could be boasted of, and it was a mere slice of luck that ended the drifting match in favor of *Britannia*. So slow was the race that it was found impracticable to sail more than one round, and the race was won by 11 minutes 3 seconds by *Britannia*.

July 10th.—The two yachts sailed this time under the auspices of the Clyde Corinthian Yacht Club, and were, therefore, piloted by amateurs, each as experienced and capable as nine-tenths of the sailing-masters met with in the profession. The course was the same as on the three previous occasions of *Vigilant's* and *Britannia's* meeting. The race was not very interesting. The wind, which was very shy at the start, increased to a nice southerly breeze during a part of the day, veering to a point westerly in the afternoon. The start was a poor one for both yachts, but *Britannia*, being quicker in her movements, took the initiative, and kept it to the end.

July 11th.—The Royal Northern Yacht Club holds its regatta at Rothesay, and it was hoped that with the change of course to one where the water is more open the chances of obtaining a steady breeze, unalloyed by calms and baffling eddies, would be increased, and that some fine sailing, which would let us into the secrets and mysteries of *Vigilant's* wonderful powers, as yet not clearly divulged, might be the result. The race was the first in the programme, and at the time of the start, 10.30 A.M., the southerly breeze was excessively light, although there was wind in the sky. Both yachts carried jack-yarders and jib-topsails. Before starting it could easily be seen that *Vigilant's* head-sails were baggy on the luff, and anything but what they should have been, and their defects became more conspicuous, especially by comparison, when she ran up to *Britannia* for the start. The latter's suit of sails is simply superb. *Britannia* had her bowsprit end abreast of *Vigilant's* weather rigging as they crossed the line, but the latter soon stole away from under her lee, and then commenced a series of cross-tacks which were the most interesting feature of the whole race, ending as they did in placing *Vigilant* 2 minutes 13 seconds ahead of the English yacht at the first turning-point. Unfortunately, in the broad reach to Largs, she ran into a calm off Cumbray and let *Britannia* pass her, a lead which the latter never lost the whole day.

July 12th.—The race on this day was more to the point as a critical test, though the breeze came too late to be of any real service to *Vigilant*. The start was again a fine one, and both yachts, a little too early, edged along the line for the three seconds they had to wait, and, with the gun, went off booming, *Britannia* with more way on in the weather berth. *Vigilant* had a reaching foresail up, which, with the northwest wind that was blowing, did her much good service, though *Britannia* managed to keep her place by dint of luffing up into and hugging the shore till it was absolutely necessary for both yachts to stand away for the Mount Stewart mark-boat and the run for Largs, where they arrived, *Vigilant* just a minute astern of *Britannia*.

It was a reach now for the Skelmorlie buoy, and here *Britannia* showed herself the better boat to the tune of 3 minutes 37 seconds priority of rounding, which was increased on starting for the second round to 4 minutes 2 seconds. *Britannia*, in working up to Rothesay, had lowered her jib-topsail, but on leaving the bay sent it up again, and shifted her working foresail for a ballooner. In the mean time *Vigilant*, which had shifted her reaching foresail on gybing round the Largs mark, now set her big jib-topsail. I have seen pocket-handkerchiefs, but never so small a one as the jib-topsail the American had been carrying up to this. At Largs again *Vigilant*, which had run into a calm off Cumbray, found herself as much as 7 minutes 2 seconds in the rear of the Britisher, and this was increased to 7 minutes 24 seconds at Wemyss Bay. It was, however, to be the last time of *Vigilant's* appearance as a laggard, and from Wemyss Bay she commenced to set herself down in real earnest to her work. It is a fact worth chronicling that the countenances of all who were following the race at once became quite animated, and every one was filled with the hope that *Vigilant* might at least carry off one well-earned prize. I do not believe there was one in the whole crowd who would not have been glad had *Vigilant* won. But to our vessels. After making three or four boards, *Vigilant*, by fine sailing alone, had reduced the difference between them to 4 minutes 24 seconds, which was again reduced on the distance to Largs to 2 minutes 48 seconds, done under spinnakers to starboard. The wind had now settled itself down to a good whole-sail breeze, about 5 in force, and by far the most exciting and magnificent piece of sailing witnessed during the whole six races was done during the beat back to Rothesay, where *Britannia* won by 3 minutes 10 seconds—that is, the beautiful American had reduced the 7 minutes 24 seconds to 1 minute 10 seconds.

As the last race on the Clyde is now over, I will try to place before you the several characteristics of the two yachts as they have been learned from careful observation. If we look back to the first race, sailed on Thursday, the 5th, the two yachts appear to have been very evenly matched, and nearly all who witnessed the race agree that had *Vigilant* not clung to the Cloch shore, where she fell into one of the calms which, with southerly and southwesterly winds, are so prevalent there, there was no reason whatever why she should not have easily saved her time on *Britannia* and won. The race was lost by a fluke, aided by a want of knowledge of the locality, and not from any incapacity on the part of *Vigilant*.

In the race sailed on Saturday, the 7th, had *Vigilant* been to windward of *Britannia* at the start, the latter would have experienced some difficulty in maintaining the same position held by *Vigilant* throughout the race, and there is no doubt but that the result would have been reversed. There was one thing which might have improved *Vigilant's* prospects on that day, and that is, she might have been sailed a little less fine throughout the parts of the race when she was close-hauled. The cause of her having her head-sails continually in the wind might also be put down to want of knowledge of a locality where every hill or valley lends its aid in directing the lower currents of air. Captain Haff showed himself to be such an artist at his work that nothing less than want of local knowledge could account for such sailing. *Vigilant's* foresail seemed to be badly set all day.

On the 9th the wind was shy and fluky throughout the race, so much so that no satisfactory estimate could be made as to which yacht is the faster in steady light winds. It showed up, perhaps, the shortcomings of *Vigilant's* crew, who might have been smarter in some of the many evolutions they had to perform during the course of the day. *Britannia's* quickness in stays and the speed with which she gathered way when impelled by little or no wind were very remarkable. On the other hand, *Vigilant* has been somewhat dull and slow in these matters. But to-day it was very noticeable that in the beat down past Wemyss Bay, *Vigilant* showed herself quite as quick in stays as *Britannia*. I timed the two yachts some half a dozen times when going about, and the average gave *Britannia* only four seconds advantage over *Vigilant*. On Saturday I was on board the American, and in discussing this point, one of the gentlemen belonging to the yacht said that *Britannia* was considered quite ten seconds better in going about. *Vigilant* appeared lazy and slow at getting under way after having been brought to by a calm, while *Britannia* seemed all life and very quick at such a time. On one or two occasions a better lookout might have been kept for flaws, as, for instance, when *Vigilant* went about off Ascog instead of keeping on the same tack, which if she had done she would have avoided sailing right into a calm.

On the 10th the sailing of *Vigilant* showed her uncertain on a broad reach. The wind was not more than a force of 4 at any part of the day, yet she appeared to special advantage on that particular point of sailing. To anybody looking on there was nothing visible to the eye in the change of position of the men on deck, so the only conclusion that must be come to why, under the same outward conditions, the yacht reaches faster and with more life on one day than she does on another is that the position of the centreboard

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at the time has a great deal to do with it. The racing was no criterion to go by as to which was the better yacht.

On the 11th it was impossible not to notice that there was a certain apathy on board the American. After leaving Mount Stewart it was manifest that calms were ahead; *Britannia* provided for this by shifting her working for her reaching foresail. *Vigilant*, which was ahead, did nothing. As she drew near to *Vigilant*, *Britannia* set her spinnaker to starboard and ran into the calm in which *Vigilant* was now resting, but carrying way with her, wooed the light puffs to the tune of leaving the American in the lurch after having well blanketed her. This neglect on the part of *Vigilant's* crew can only be put down to a non-acquaintance with sailing in fluky weather. The race was worth nothing as a test. On this day *Vigilant* sailed dead, and appeared to have no life in her.

On the 12th, the sailing once more showed that *Vigilant* should never, if it can be avoided, be allowed to lose way, owing to her comparative sluggishness in moving off. Before coming to the mark-boat off Mount Stewart on the first round, for the run to Largs, both yachts should have gybed to the port tack and sent their spinnakers out to starboard. *Britannia* gybed soon after leaving the mark, but *Vigilant* hung on, and the consequence was her mainsail was continually on the shake, and the vessel was seen to lose considerably by being kept only just moving, while *Britannia* moved off and left her well behind. *Vigilant* lost again at the mark-boat at Largs, where she had to gybe. Before gybing round the mark *Vigilant* shifted her reaching foresail for her working one, when, owing to the softness of the breeze, there was no apparent necessity for doing so till well on to Wemyss Bay, when the wind was becoming more pronounced. It was very gratifying that *Vigilant*, before she left the Clyde, showed really what she can do. With the good steady breeze that set in she settled herself down, and with her boom almost amidships ate out to windward, and bit by bit, on each tack, drew nearer to her opponent. The speed was tremendous during the last few boards, and it could easily be seen that, given a fine steady working breeze, *Vigilant* is a long way faster and better boat on a wind. *Britannia's* crew have been working together from the beginning of the season, and all goes like clock-work on board, and with the talent and local wisdom that are brought to bear in each race it is no wonder that the yacht should be at home in her own waters. Faster on a wind, faster on a run than *Britannia*, and if *Vigilant* were only as well handled or had the same amount of knowledge of our weather and courses on board of her, there is no legitimate reason why she should not stow away many a goodly cup, and carry some of the southern trophies home to New York.

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